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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

(TRADE MARK)

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A SPANISH GIRL.

From a painting by Carl Becker.

Photo. supplied by G. E. Macrae, Toronto, Director for Canada of the Soule Photograph Company.

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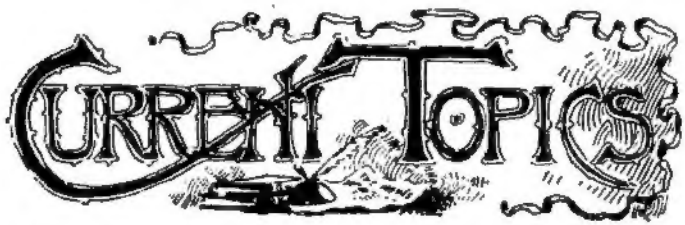
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SOLE AGENTS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

7th DECEMBER, 1889.



Mr. A. P. Low writes to *Science* to correct a statement of Jacques W. Redway, in that journal, in which he makes the Geological Survey of Canada responsible for the various startling reports that have been circulated as to the immense size of Lake Mistassini. The only official reports on that body of water, Mr. Low points out, are those of Messrs. Richardson and McOuat in 1870 and 1871, and of Mr. Low himself in 1885. "Mr. Bignall," he adds, "who is credited by Mr. Redway with the survey of the lake, was employed by the Geological Survey and the Crown Lands Department of Quebec, to make a complete survey of the lake in 1884; but, owing to certain reasons, was recalled before he made any surveys on Lake Mistassini, and the work commenced by Messrs. Richardson and McOuat was continued and finished by myself. From the report of that survey it may be seen that Mistassini is only one hundred miles long, with an average breadth of twelve miles." To Mr. Bignall and his sons, according to Mr. Low, must be attributed the exaggerated statements as to the dimensions of the lake—statements based on Indian hearsay. Mr. Low adds some explanations which tend to reconcile Père Laure's map with the reality as known to-day.

The utter nonsense of which even reputable American papers seriously assume the responsibility, when they undertake to deal with Canadian affairs, is sometimes startling. A flying rumour is made the text for disquisitions on anti-British sentiment, now taking the form of a yearning for restoration to France, now of annexation to the neighbouring republic. As for the former feeling it is wholly imaginary, and it is equally certain that those who are constantly engaged in watching the successive changes in popular sentiment are ignorant of any appreciable desire on the part of our French-speaking fellow-citizens for incorporation with the United States. There is no party or even group in Canada that has made annexation a plank in its platform. The great objection to Commercial Union was that it tended to bring about political union also; and much of the energy displayed in the defence of that policy by its promoters was devoted to the task of proving that it was consistent with the utmost loyalty to the British connection.

Mr. Martin's scheme of a consolidated North-West is not likely to become a *fait accompli*. It would make still more hopeless the opposition to his one-language policy. The strength of the French minority in Manitoba would be considerably reduced by the addition of the Territories. The population of the whole North-West would not be

too great for a single province, at least for some years to come. But ultimately a redivision would be necessary. The consolidation of the Maritime Provinces has also been advocated from time to time. There is certainly more in favour of such a plan than there was in favour of the union of the Canadas. As the Dominion develops, however, and its vacant areas are filled up, sub-division is more likely to take place than amalgamation. It is the unlimited provision that it makes for local independence that gives the federal system its best justification.

In view of the controversies that have been agitating Ontario and the North-West, it may be of interest to recall the words of Lord Elgin during the early years of the Union régime. Setting forth the difficulties of the situation to Lord Grey, and suggesting means by which they might be lessened, if not removed altogether, his lordship wrote: "I am very anxious to hear that you have taken steps for the repeal of so much of the Act of Union as imposes restrictions on the use of the French language. The delay which has taken place in giving effect to the promise made, I think by Gladstone, on this subject, is one of the points of which M. Papineau is availing himself for purposes of agitation. I must, however, confess, that I for one am deeply convinced of the impolicy of all such attempts to denationalize the French. Generally speaking, they produce the opposite effect from that intended, causing the flame of national prejudice and animosity to burn more fiercely. But suppose them to be successful, what would be the result? You may, perhaps, *Americanize*, but, depend upon it, by methods of this description you will never Anglicize the French inhabitants of the province. Let them feel, on the other hand, that their religion, their habits, their prepossessions, their prejudices, if you will, are more considered and respected here than in other portions of this vast continent, and who will venture to say that the last hand which waves the British flag on American ground may not be that of a French Canadian?"

One of our contemporaries, edited, we believe, by an American, indulged in a jubilation some time ago on the downfall of the Brazilian Empire, which, he maintained, was (with the exception of Canada) the last fortress of monarchical rule on the continent of America. This is not quite accurate. British Honduras, which has an area of more than 7,500 square miles, and is therefore somewhat larger than the principality of Wales, still represents the flag of England in Central America, while in South America the colony of British Guiana has a surface of nearly 80,000 square miles and a population not far short of 275,000. Honduras is the centre of a thriving industry—that of precious woods, mahogany, logwood, cedar, etc.—and of an important commerce. It also raises sugar, maize, rice, coffee, and other tropical products in considerable quantities. Its annual trade averages about \$2,500,000. The country had the honour of receiving its name from Columbus himself—the word, which is the Spanish for "depths," being applied to the coast owing to the difficulty experienced in finding anchorage.

British Guiana is noted for its production of sugar, the export of which constitutes about 62 per cent. of all that is sent out of the country. The remaining exports are rum, molasses, timber, coconuts, and other tropical produce. After being alternately in possession of Holland and England

for more than 200 years, it was finally allotted to Great Britain in the great readjustment of 1814. The old Dutch law is still the law of the colony. For education there is fair provision, and Queen's College, Georgetown, supplies professional training. Science and letters have also their representatives in British Guiana. In insular South America, England has Trinidad, Tobago, Grenada and the Falkland Islands. The British West Indies, including Jamaica, constitute not the least valuable of England's foreign dependencies. Spain, Denmark and Holland have also a share in the New World, as has also Republican France.

The enthusiasm with which the proposal to establish night schools in this city has been greeted by its young men goes to confirm the words which we quoted lately from an American writer. Men or boys who are worn out with daily toil do not care much for improving their minds afterwards. All they want is rest and a few hours' oblivion of the taskmaster. The number of applications for the privilege of attending the classes was so large that the promoters of the enterprise had to amplify the scope of their experiment. Unless a grave reaction takes place, the winter night school is destined to rank among the most fruitful institutions of the country. The normal educational authorities have taken it up and no pains will be spared to make full provision for the accommodation of the pupils, so that no earnest seeker of knowledge will be sent empty away.

CHINA'S 400,000,000.

The Chinese problem is again occupying the serious attention of economists and social reformers in the United States. The question is evidently becoming more and more perplexing every year, and the policy which has hitherto mainly prevailed of treating it merely as an issue in party politics will no longer satisfy the requirements of the situation. The complexities of the subject are endless. England, France, and the United States insisted on breaking down the Chinese wall of exclusiveness and opening the vast region known as the Chinese Empire to the commerce of the world. In so doing, they virtually invited the Chinese to come forth from their seclusion and avail themselves of the opportunities of free intercourse with the rest of the world which, by their own course, they had so long been denied. Once the barrier was broken down and the mighty volume of Mongolian humanity began to stream forth, it was soon evident that the itinerants were practically countless. The two or three millions that have left the country within the last couple of generations have hardly had any effect in relaxing the intensity of the struggle for existence. Famine, floods, slaughters, sweep away the tithes of provinces, but the loss is scarcely felt so quickly do the living take the places of the dead. It is no wonder that the Chinese can subsist on wages that are a source of astonishment and wrath to European and American labourers. They have their training in a school of necessity. The crowding of population can only be understood by those who have witnessed it, and the poverty is in proportion to it. The pittance on which the Chinese abroad can live would be wealth and luxury to those at home. The emigration that has begun, therefore, is not likely to stop. Exclusive laws may keep back the invaders for a time, but somewhere they must go. They have already made their way to every country in Asia, to Australia and New Zealand, to South

America, to Mexico, to the United States and to Canada. There are said to be 200,000 of them north of the Gulf of Mexico. What that number would soon grow to if Chinese immigration were encouraged may be imagined from their increase in Siam, Cochin-China, Java, the Straits Settlements and other parts of the world where they have been freely admitted.

It is not their increase alone, however, that has to be taken into account. They grow up an alien community in the heart of the land that shelters them. The Chinese quarter is a recognized locality in all cities where they have gained a footing. They practically drive other nationalities before them. Citizens they rarely become or want to become. Where they have formed unions with American women, the offspring are Chinese. They remain pagans. While missionaries are sent to China, the Chinese in America have their joss houses. If any marked success were attained, in their evangelization, the fact would not remain unknown. They cling obstinately to their own usages, have their own tribunals and form an *imperium in imperio*. Then, not to speak of the gross immorality with which they are charged, the conditions in which they live are clearly unfavourable to the healthfulness of their neighbours. There is nothing new in these representations. They have been repeated over and over again with an emphasis varying according to the party needs of the moment. But economists are now taking them up in a different spirit. Mr. Willard B. Farwell, in the *Popular Science Monthly* for November, discussing the question as one which concerns all civilization, directs attention to the circumstances under which the last hasty measure of exclusion was enacted as "the most shameful page in American history." Of its inefficiency he has no doubt. But such as it is, its provisions cease to be in force in May, 1892, and unless some effective legislation takes its place, the Chinese will be free to come in in millions. It may be asked, if the Chinese must emigrate or die, and the less densely settled parts of the globe are closed against them, what will be the result. As railways extend through Asia, they will by and by have direct communication with Europe. What if some Attila should arise to insist on new homes being given to his people? There are some who hold that before the Huns invaded Europe, the great upheaval of that time had forced the tribes of Asia eastward, even across Behring's Strait into this New World of ours. Charlevoix cites the experience of a missionary, Father Grellon, to prove that communication was kept up between Asia and America as late as the 17th century. If China overflows, the surplusage must find room somewhere. To keep them out of America will only force on the crowded Old World a solution of the question. However it be solved, it is clear that it is too important to be treated as a weapon of party warfare. Of China's 400,000,000, thousands upon thousands are now awaiting the chance to expatriate themselves, and before the needed equilibrium has been attained, a material transformation must take place in the peopling of the globe.

If the United States are interested in this vexed question, so also is Canada. It may be recalled that a few years ago the Hon. Mr. Chapleau, with the late Hon. Justice Gray as associate, and Mr. N. F. Davin, M.P., as secretary, was sent as commissioner to investigate the subject on the Pacific Coast. After hearing a great deal of valu-

able evidence in California, Oregon, Washington and British Columbia, the commission presented a bulky report which deals with Chinese immigration from every point of view. The result was that, after a provincial exclusion act had been disallowed, the provision actually in force for the restriction of Chinese immigration was made by an act of the Federal Parliament. Though not all that our western fellow-citizens desired, it has served as a check on the increase of the Mongolian population. It is impossible to regard it as an ultimatum, but what the future may bring about it would be rash to prophesy.

A SIGNIFICANT FACT.

Some time ago we published an article on Canadian school histories, showing that there was no lack of such text-books and that some of them would stand comparison with the approved historical class-books of other countries. The discussion which prompted the article arose out of the expressed desire of a number of teachers for a book that could be used, with satisfaction, all over the Dominion. We cannot say whether the aspirations for the model text book embraced French as well as British Canada or was confined to the English schools. Probably, it was deemed hopeless to attempt anything so broadly generous or so non-committal that it would pass muster with English and French, Catholic and Protestant. Yet, strange as it may seem, such a marvel has come to pass in our day, and in this "benighted province." It is this unblazoned miracle that Mr. S. E. Dawson has brought to light in his letter (to which we have already referred) in the *Sherbrooke Examiner*. An editorial had appeared in that journal, urging the necessity of placing an impartial history of Canada in the hands of our young people, and in casting his eye over the small knot of men of letters from whom the fair-minded historian (who should also wield a lucid and graceful pen) might advantageously be selected, his searching gaze naturally rested on Mr. Dawson. Patience, accuracy, clearness, the faculty of "putting things," and a style that combines grace with power—these are the desiderata, and Mr. Dawson has them at command. In acknowledging the compliment paid him, Mr. Dawson reviews what has been already done—the good work and the bad work. The one was the result of a life spent in acquiring a knowledge of the country and its people; the other was due to pretentious ignorance. Mr. Dawson points out that it is not in Canada only that this teaching of history is a vexed question. It is receiving attention at this moment in the United States magazines and in European countries—in those which most concern us, especially France and England—what a diversity of opinion there is on the subject! It is just as hard to compile a history of the Stuart period that would satisfy both Anglicans and Non-conformists, or a history of the last hundred years that would be acceptable alike to French Royalists and French Republicans, as it is to produce a book of which the French and English in Canada could say with one voice: "This just suits us."

And yet, for years past a series of manuals, written by an ex-Professor of an Anglican university, has been in use, with the approval of the highest educational authorities in the land, in both the French and English schools of this province! Let those who delight in aggravating and exaggerating our divisions take heed of this fact. On the text-

books in question let Mr. Dawson have the word. After emphasizing the rare triumph of mutual forbearance and good-will which made it possible to teach history to Protestants and Catholics out of one book, Mr. Dawson thus writes of the series:

"They were written by Dr. Miles, formerly secretary of the Protestant Committee of Public Instruction and at one time Professor in Bishop's College, Lennoxville. As before stated, they have the sanction of both the Catholic and Protestant Committees. They were submitted in manuscript to the Anglican Bishop of Quebec, to the Rev. Dr. Cook, of Quebec, to the late Ven. Archdeacon Leach, then Professor of Literature in McGill College, to the Professor of English Literature in Laval College, to the Superiors respectively of the Jacques Cartier and Laval Normal Schools and the Rev. Father Thebaud, S.J., formerly of St. Mary's College. The series met with approval from all these authorities. The books are written in an easy and attractive style and the middle one of the series—the School History—is one of the handiest and most succinct histories of Canada existing." Then, after indicating certain exceptions to their use—as too Protestant for some, and too Catholic for others, Mr. Dawson adds: "But to me it seems to be a great thing that a historical series should be used at all by both Protestants and Catholics—and more—that one of the books should be translated into French and used in French schools." In closing his letter, Mr. Dawson regrets that the relations between the two great religious communities of the country are less cordial and harmonious now than they were when the series was adopted, and is hardly inclined to hope that an equally wide sanction would be obtained for any new series that might be prepared. However that may be, the agreement to which he has called our attention is a precedent, the significance of which should be borne in mind by all those who "seek peace and ensue it."

CANADA.

'Tis a very good country to live in
Provided you've plenty of pluck,
And provided you've plenty of ballast
And not too much faith in "Good Luck."

For whiskey and a'rice are wreckers,
On which you may easily strand;
And fortune will slip through your fingers,
If held with too heedless a hand.

And company to keep there is plenty,
Of a kind that wont "go in and win;"
And of help t'other way there is little,
Though plenty to help you to sin.

So if of high aim and set purpose,
And money you own a fair share,
You may venture to try the new country
And count on its treating you square.

'Tis a very good country to die in,
Though the daisy wont grow on your grave,
Yet the sod will lie close o'er your ashes,
As on the green mounds o'er the wave.

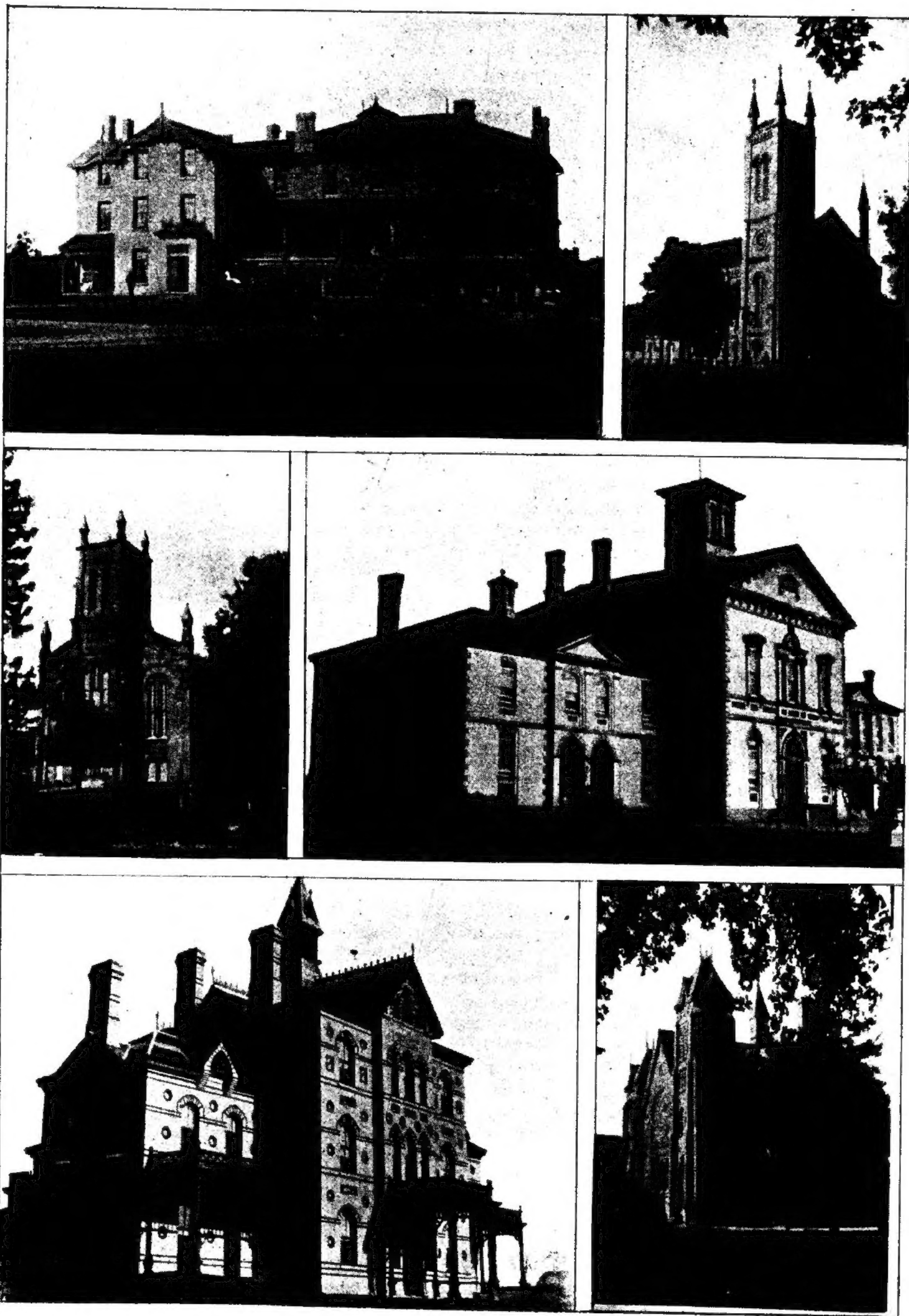
And though no soft bells in the distance
May wing your soul upward in trust,
There's a cable throbs through the Atlantic
Uniting your dust unto dust.

And that sun is the same which shines o'er you,
That shone on the home of your youth;
And yon moon is the same silver crescent,
That witnessed your first pledge of truth.

And the stars that shine out through the darkness,
Bring hither their message of bliss,—
That the highway to Heaven is no shorter
From that side of the ocean than this.

'Tis a very good country to die in,
God's love being ever the same;
And nought of your dust will be missing
When His roll-call shall reach to your name.

S. A. C.

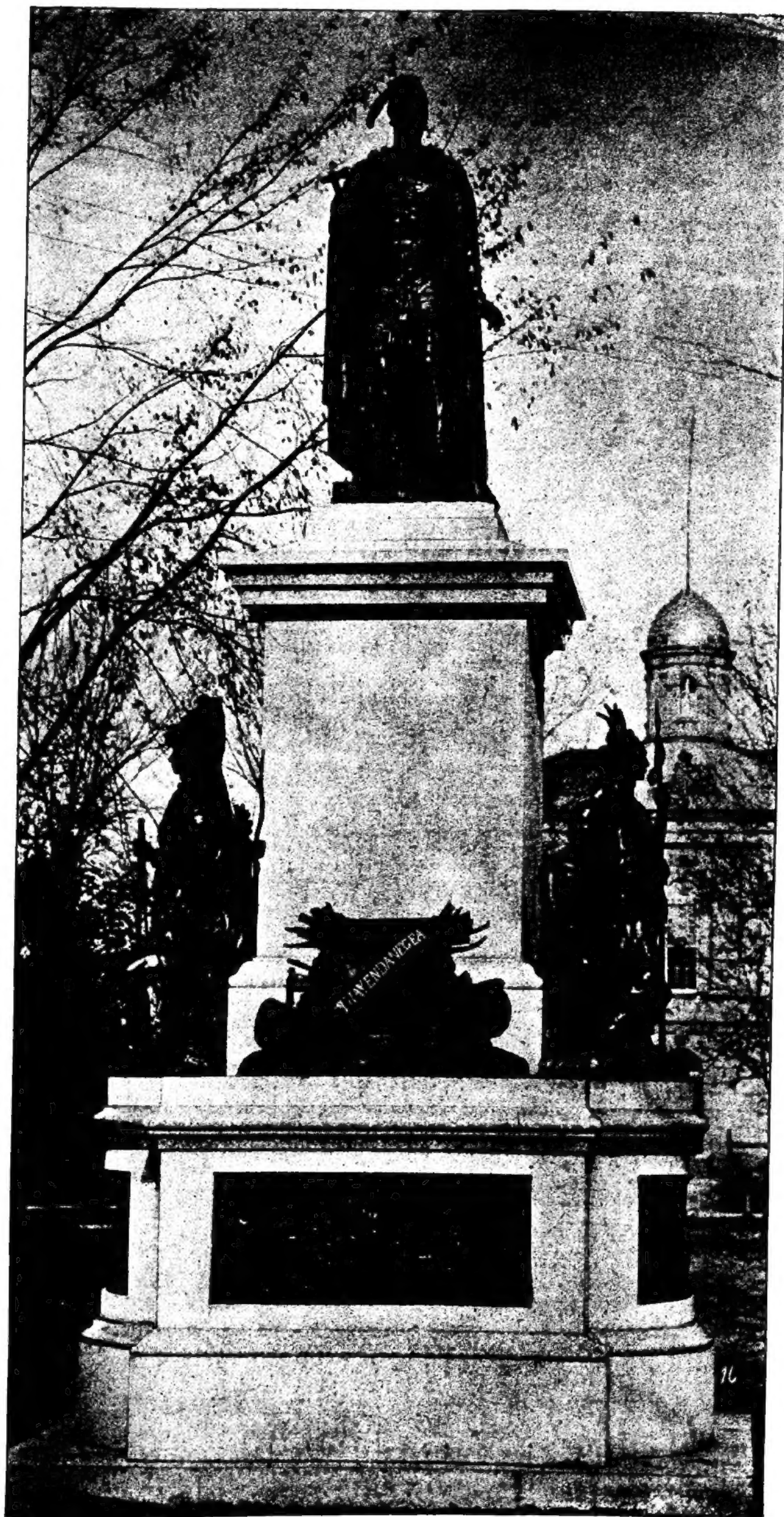


MOHAWK INSTITUTE FOR INDIAN BOYS AND GIRLS.
FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.
THE JOHN H. STRATFORD HOSPITAL, 1884.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
CENTRAL SCHOOL.
PARK BAPTIST CHURCH.

SOME PUBLIC BUILDINGS IN BRANTFORD, ONT.

From photos. by Park & Co.



THE BRANT MEMORIAL MONUMENT, BRANTFORD, ONT.

From a photo. by Park & Co.



THE SPANISH GIRL.—In this engraving we present our readers with an example of Carl Becker's best work. The damsel whose charms he has chosen as a fit theme for his art is not of the darker Iberian race, but of that lustrous semi-blond type on which connoisseurs of beauty in Southern lands sometimes set an even exaggerated value. He has taken much pains with her adornment, and has imparted to pose and expression that grace which is the birth-right of the fair ones of sunny climes.

BRANTFORD, ONT.—There is no spot in Canada, probably, more noteworthy as well for its natural charms as for its historic associations as the town of Brantford. Its name is brimful of memories touching some of the most glorious chapters in our past. The story of Joseph Brant (Thayendanegea) has been told in two bulky volumes by W. L. Stone. A chief of the Mohawk tribe of the great Iroquois federation, he was born in 1742. He was educated under the care of Sir William Johnson at Hanover, N.H., where he translated portions of the New Testament into his own tongue. Having fought against Pontiac in the first Indian war after the Conquest—the subject of one of Dr. Parkman's most interesting works—he served as secretary to Guy Johnson, the Indian Superintendent. His services in the war of the Revolution deserved and won the gratitude of the British Government. Through his mediation mainly the Six Nations were settled on the Grand River (Ohswekea) and the little Mohawk Church (the first in Upper Canada) erected in 1784. Near it his remains repose under a monument erected in 1850. He died on his own estate on the 24th of November, 1807, leaving an heir to his name and virtues in his fourth son John, who followed his father's example by fighting for his country in the War of 1812-14. Though only 18 years old at the time, he led a band of Indians at the battle of Queenston Heights. He died at the early age of 48 in 1842. Of preserving the memory of such heroes Brantford is naturally proud. It is one of the handsomest cities in Ontario, and its inhabitants are worthy of its traditions, its natural advantages and the loveliness of the scenery. Its development from the time when Brant threw his boom across the Grand River for the accommodation of the dwellers on both sides, till to-day, when Brant's Ford is succeeded by the majestic Lorne Bridge, would make an instructive story. We must content ourselves, however, with merely indicating some of the features of its prosperity. It is happily situated for communication with the rest of the world by land and water—a short canal overcoming the difficulties of navigation on the river. It is well supplied with banks, and its places of business are as fine in appearance as they are active and thrifty. Its streets (Colborne, Market, etc.) are evidence of the taste and wealth of the people, and Victoria Square is one of the most beautiful breathing spaces imaginable. The railway stations and other buildings of the Grand Trunk are remarkable for their spaciousness and style. The city abounds in manufactures of iron, brass, tin, stoneware, wood, etc., machinery, agricultural implements, foundries, etc. The immediately surrounding country is of surpassing beauty, and there is plenty to gratify the student of history as well as the lover of nature. The Council House of the Six Nations is in the township of Tuscarora, eleven miles distant, and on the drive to it the tourist passes Bow Park where the late Hon. George Brown established his famous herds of short-horn cattle. The visitor will also be sure to pay a tribute to the homestead where one of the most wonderful and useful inventions of this or any age—the speaking telephone—was thought and worked out with tireless zeal by its great inventor, Prof. Graham Bell. To stand in sight of that spot alone would repay a pilgrimage to Brantford. Our engraving shows the Mohawk Institute for Indian Boys and Girls, the First Presbyterian Church, the Baptist Church, the Central School, the Park Baptist Church, and the John H. Stratford Hospital, so called after its philanthropic and munificent founder.

THE BRANT MEMORIAL.—When Lord Dufferin visited the Six Nations in 1874, the chiefs presented his lordship with an address, and also entrusted him with a memorial for H.R.H. Prince Arthur. The outcome of the latter was the movement for a monument to Brant (Thayendanegea), which should be at once worthy of that great soldier-chief, of the affection of his people, of Canada and of the Empire that he had served with such devotion. Rome was not built in a day, and no undertaking that does credit to its promoters can be improvised like a song. The scheme, however, was inaugurated under hopeful auspices. Lord Dufferin, in transmitting to Prince Arthur Stone's Life of Brant and the great Chief's portrait, was able to assure his dusky hearers that their wish would not be forgotten. In due time it brought forth the desired fruit, and the becoming memorial, shown in our engraving, situated in the Victoria Park, Brantford, opposite the Court House, is testimony to the lofty estimation in which Britons and Canadians of all origins hold their benefactors, to whatever race or of whatever colour they may be. In April, 1879, the chiefs of the Six Nations presented the Marquis of Lorne with two handsomely bound volumes of the same interesting work, and in acknowledgment of the gift his lordship contributed \$125 for himself and \$100 for the

Duke of Connaught to the Brant Memorial Fund. In 1884 the Brant Memorial Association invited competition for the monument, and a number of models were submitted. That of Mr. L. P. Hébert showed remarkable merit, and several members of the association were in favour of accepting it. The selection finally made, however, was the model presented by Mr. Percy Wood, of London, Eng. The clay model was virtually finished before the close of 1884. The height of the monument is about twenty-eight feet, the statue of Brant is eight feet and a half high, and life-size groups representing the Six Nations are ranged in various attitudes around the base. As it stands in the Victoria Park, Brantford, it is seen to good advantage, and has won admiration from all persons of taste who have had an opportunity of inspecting the work. Our engraving gives an accurate impression of its effect on the beholder.

MR. MUNN'S FOX HOUNDS, RAPID CITY, MANITOBA.—The first systematic attempt at fox-hunting, or rather hunting, for either wolf or fox is the foxhound's legitimate prey in Manitoba, was made in the spring of 1887 by Mr. Munn. The locality settled on was that section of country bounded on the west by Rapid City, on the north by Minnedosa, and "the kennels" were built about nine miles east of the former place, known to land agents and to others as 16 S, 13 T, 18 R. This is undoubtedly one of the most sporting parts of the province, and eminently adapted for that purpose. A section of land set apart by the Government as wood lots affords ample cover for wolves to breed and summer in, while, as the fall draws on and they are tempted to wander afield in search of food, the thick poplar bluffs, alive with rabbits, or the reedy ponds swarming with ducks and geese, would lure many a prairie wolf from the thick timber to meet his fate at the teeth of Mr. Munn's good hounds. The first hounds (eleven in all) were brought down from Moosomin early in the spring of 1887, and reinforced by a couple more soon after. These showed fair sport that spring, and, encouraged by the prospect, as well as the hearty co-operation of his neighbours, notably Mr. W. T. Heard, of "Morley," and his two sons, Messrs. W. H. and T. Pares, Daly G. Alexander, "Joe" Colley, and others, Mr. Munn went up to British Columbia and bought out the well known pack of Mr. Cornwall, ex-Governor of that province. These hounds were all of the purest blood, being bred from such packs as "The Badminton," Lord Lonsdale's, and the Duke of Beaufort's, and Mr. Cornwall having kept hounds in the Province of British Columbia for over twenty years, he had, by careful drafts of new blood, got together a most workmanlike little pack. In the fall of 1887 capital sport was had, the last wolf being killed over snow on the 17th of December; but it was not until 1888, when some of the younger hounds had become thoroughly entered and others drafted out, that the best success was obtained. From early spring until it became too hot to work hounds or horses, excellent sport was had amongst the foxes (wolves not being hunted at that time of year, to save the cubs), and many a good fox would be killed long before the dew was off the grass, while farmers were often awakened by the sound of the horn, and looking out of window with sleepy eyes, see hounds and horses sweep past like a flash in full cry and out of sight. Although crippled by the loss of five hounds, of great value and utility, Mr. Munn had got together by the fall about thirteen even-paced and extremely fast hounds, and ably seconded by Mr. J. A. Heard, his whip, he carried out a most successful campaign against the prairie wolves, having far better sport than he had anticipated. On leaving for England in the winter of 1888, Mr. Munn was compelled to give up his hounds, hunting interfering too much with his business. But into better hands they could not possibly have fallen, for Messrs. J. A. and "Archie" Heard immediately came forward and offered to take them over. Excellent kennels were built at "Morley," not two miles from their old home, and within a very short space of time we shall see them in possession of a little pack, hard to beat in any country. Several other starts have also been made, notably at Winnipeg, and the nucleus of these packs generally sprang from Mr. Munn's hounds. There is but little doubt that in a short time this grand old sport will be followed in many parts of the province with as much success as it has been inaugurated by Mr. Munn. There is now a little colony of sportsmen in Rapid City; and, what is equally pleasing, the citizens who do not hunt render every assistance they can by having gates through their wire fences and a chance to kill "the animal" after their own fashion, and those who have not hunted before and go out to see the sport, and be duly "entered" and "blooded," invariably go home with Whyte Melville's immortal words ringing in their ears,—

"It's worth the risk to limb and life and neck, boys,
To see them bend and stoop till they finish with a whoop!!!
Forty minutes on the grass without a check, boys"

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND RIFLE TEAM.—These are the valiant islanders who, in the great telegraphic rifle match, won the prize against all competitors—their total making an average of nearly 85. The rifle used was the Martini-Henry and not the Snyder, as was stated in an Ottawa paper. Five of the team made as high as ninety and over—Captains Crockett and Longworth, Sergeant Davidson, Private Gay and Sapper Anderson. A team made up of such marksmen (who, and especially Capt. Crockett and Longworth and Private Gay, had all distinguished themselves in previous matches), and the weather being favourable (exceptionally so, compared with what it was at the other localities), it was in the natural course of things that they should all have made good scores. The *Canadian*

Militia Gazette paid a flattering tribute of praise to the triumphant twenty. "Apropos," writes the *Gazette*, "of the achievement of the Charlottetown team in the recent telegraphic rifle match, it is interesting to note that Prince Edward Island takes a front place in artillery matters also, its garrison brigade having taken every first prize for general efficiency given by the Dominion Artillery Association, and every first prize but one given for shifting ordnance. The Islanders' noteworthy victories at the Island of Orleans competition this year will still be fresh in the minds of our readers, and the Dominion Artillery Association general efficiency competition, both first and second places, have been this year captured by batteries of the P.E.I. Brigade. Isolated as they are from the rest of the Dominion, the Prince Edward Island militiamen might be excused if they did not show as much interest in the work as some of the more favoured corps; but the very contrary is the case, as officers and men alike excel in the performance of the duty required of them. To the officer commanding the brigade, Lt.-Col. Moore, it must be a source of no little pride to note that, without neglecting their duties as artillerymen, the members of his brigade successfully compete with the rifle against the marksmen of the whole Dominion." To this compliment our military contemporary, by way of grateful afterthought, appends the following rider:—"We are pleased to have this opportunity of mentioning one feature of the Islanders' interest in military matters, which is peculiarly gratifying to the publisher of the *Militia Gazette*. This is, that in proportion to the military strength, we have more subscribers in Prince Edward Island than in any other district in the Dominion; and there are none more prompt in paying up." And we, for our own part, will thankfully appreciate the opportunity of paying a similar compliment on behalf of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.

THE MISSION OF THE FRENCH RACE.

To the Editor of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED:

SIR,—I like the article in your last issue about the French Canadians, and agree with nearly all you say in it. Perhaps, in alluding to literature, you need not have confined your praise to them. They have certainly done most with regard to the earlier history of the country, as it was natural they should; but English writers have done something too,—Mr. Kingsford a good deal. In poetry they have done much and well; but Mr. Lighthall has shown us that English writing poets are not behind them. Are we now entitled to hope for an end to the racial and religious difficulties which have recently agitated some of our provinces, and which you patriotically deprecate? Mr. Mercier has promised that the proceeds of the Jesuits' Estates, largely increased by the facilities for disposing of them provided by the late Act, shall remain appropriated as now for superior education in the province, and be divided between Catholics and Protestants in proportion to their respective numbers. He has created new trustees for managing the Jesuits' portion of the \$400,000, by incorporating the Quebec Society of Jesus, consisting of five Canadian gentlemen in holy orders, and such others as they may associate with them—Father Turgeon, one of the five, and the head of the Society, receiving the money to be so held in trust and vouching for the loyalty to the Queen and obedience to the law of every member of the Society. Dr. Caven and Mr. Laurier have complimented each other at Toronto and given like assurances. The Nationalist Laureate at Quebec has nobly sung the praises of the British flag and the benefits it has conferred on Canada, and Sir John has declared that disallowance of Provincial Acts *intra vires* should only be resorted to prevent injury to the interests or honour of the Dominion—*Ne quid detrimenti respublica capiat*. So far the prospect is fair. But the Manitobans talk of abolishing the dual official language and separate schools, which they might do with the assent of the Dominion and Imperial Parliament. Will they? It has not been the British practice to prevent a Queen's subject of whatever race from using his mother tongue, or to compel him to contravene his conscientious opinions. Surely the difficulty might be met by reasonable compromise. All admit that Canadian children cannot consistently with the public welfare be permitted to grow up in gross ignorance, and, therefore, all should contribute in proportion to their means, to a common fund for preventing such ignorance, and out of such fund a fair sum should be paid, under proper regulation, for each child attending a common school. Higher education should be provided for by voluntary contribution. There must be public spirit and kindly feeling enough among us to arrange this difficulty willingly and easily. By complying with your exhortation and uniting our efforts for the weal of our common country, we can make the foremost colony of the Empire, and possibly, in the fulness of time, one of the foremost nations of the world. A disunited Canada would be a house divided against itself, and weak like one of the loose sticks in the fable.

Ottawa, 26th November, 1889.

Drunkenness is the great curse of Denmark, as it is of many a nation near our home. From a statistical report just published in that country, it appears that one fourth of the divorces, one third of the crime, and three fourths of the imprisonment are due to drunkenness. One eighth of the deaths among the men are due to delirium tremens, and two-fifths of those in the work-houses are inebriates. Like causes produce like affects, alike among the Danes and the Canadians.

OUR CANADIAN INDUSTRIES.

II.

THE CANADIAN RUBBER CO., OF MONTREAL.

Continuing our programme of illustrating, as often as our space will admit, the great industrial works of Canada, not only because they represent, both pictorially and descriptively, the great energy and ability of our Canadian capitalists, whose money, applied to the encouragement of home production has raised up these fruitful sources of wealth that give employment to thousands upon thousands of our people, distributing among them that wealth which, without such industries in our own country, would go to purchase from the foreigner what we are now manufacturing for ourselves, being the means, also, of developing and retaining on our own soil men of talent and genius, and, particularly, the youth of the Dominion, who, without other means of gaining a livelihood would be forced to seek for work in a foreign country. Among the foremost of the great industries of Canada stands the Canadian Rubber Company.

But before giving a description of these mammoth works a short amount of the history of the plant from which the raw material is obtained will be interesting.

The uses and value of the rubber plant were known to the Peruvians and Chinese from a very early date. What is termed India rubber includes the sap of all the rubber producing plants and trees throughout the globe. These plants and trees are found in almost every land within from four to six hundred miles north and south of the equator, and vary very much in rubber-producing qualities in the different countries where it grows. The best comes from Para, in South America, also from the neighbourhood of the Amazon River. Inferior grades come from Carthagenia. Central America, Assaue, Java, Borneo, Africa and other places, and are exported to our markets very much adulterated with sand, clay, and even stones, as the natives are paid for their labour by the weight of the rubber they produce.

Rubber appears to have been first brought to the notice of scientific men early in the 17th century, when a traveller, M. Candamine, who had made some experiments with it during a voyage down the river Amazon, brought the subject before the Academy of Sciences in Paris. He stated that the natives were using it for bottles and shoes. After this mention was made of it from time to time by other travellers, but no practical use of the gum was accomplished until about the year 1770, when it was first used in England for erasing pencil marks, and commanded a price of about four or five times its own weight in coined silver.

About the year 1825 a waterproof clothing manufactory was started in Glasgow, Scotland, by Charles Mackintosh. The firm is still carrying on a very extensive business in the city of Manchester, England, under the name of Charles Mackintosh & Co., so well known throughout the civilized world.

Rubber was first used for overshoes in its pure state, the gum being moulded into shoes by the natives upon clay forms, but after the invention of Goodyear for curing and vulcanizing rubber, its importance as an almost invaluable industry was soon recognized. By this process the raw material undergoes a chemical change without losing its elasticity, and will retain the shape in which it was vulcanized, it also becomes more durable, and is unaffected by either heat or cold. To this invention we owe also all the varieties of useful elastic forms into which it can be manufactured combined with cloth, such as clothing, boots and shoes, tubing, valves, etc., etc.

Another form into which rubber is manufactured is called "Vulcanite," an invention also of great importance. By this process it is made into combs, pipes, canes, surgical instruments, jewellery, and a great variety of other useful articles.

The Canadian Rubber Company of Montreal is by far the largest rubber manufacturing industry in Canada, representing annually in their Montreal and Toronto wholesale establishments over two-thirds of the entire amount of rubber sales made in Canada, and they exceed \$3,000,000,

All their stock is made in this city by their immense plant, the company for whose organization it was established being capitalized for \$2,000,000.

This mammoth factory is 800 x 60 feet, four stories high, including finished and working basement, giving a grand aggregate of 200,000 square feet of floor area on which to manufacture and otherwise handle the enormous business of the company.

Aside from this building, they have their engine and boiler houses, wash and drying rooms, varnish and cement house, and heaters, also a three-storey repair shop, 40 x 100 feet, in which a large staff of machinists, carpenters, steamfitters, etc., are constantly employed.

Employment is given to one thousand hands, who are paid over one-quarter of a million dollars annually for wages.

The products of the Canadian Rubber Company are chiefly boots and shoes, which are made by the most improved machinery from first quality stock. They are also very large belting and hose, wringer rolls, engine packing, rubber mould work, carriage cloth, buggy aprons, tubing, etc. manufacturers.

When the crude rubber is received it is necessary to cleanse it from the bark sand and other impurities before entering into the manufacture of boots and shoes. To accomplish this the rubber is passed between the wash mills, which consist of heavy grooved iron rolls set in a powerful frame, over which a stream of water is kept constantly running, thus effectually removing all impurities, and flattening the rubber into sheets, which are then hung in hot rooms to dry.

When the rubber is thoroughly dry it is then ready for manufacturing purposes. On passing on to this stage, the first process being to again work it through heavy roller mills, but unlike the washing mills, these rolls are smooth and heated by steam, the rubber is thus worked until in a plastic state, and then the chemicals for its vulcanization are added and thoroughly worked into the rubber by continually passing through the mill.

After this preparation the rubber is ready for the Calender; this machine consists of three heavy rolls set horizontally in a frame, which rolls can be raised or lowered by screws, this being necessary to regulate the various thickness required. With the aid of this machine the rubber is run on either the cotton or woollen linings, or run off in pure sheets, with which it is necessary to cover the various parts of the shoe when lasted.

The figured upper now so common in rubber shoes, also the soles, are obtained by adding a fourth roll on the Calender, on which the design is engraved, and the rubber passing between this and one of the smooth rolls receives the impression.

Among our illustrations the reader will see one of the three rooms in which the above processes are carried on in the Canadian Rubber Company's works.

From the mill-room the treated fabrics and sheets of rubber are sent to the cutting room where they are cut into a variety of parts requisite to make up a rubber shoe. When it is to be remembered that there are never less than twelve pieces in any shoe, and that there are fifty different lengths, and three widths, not to speak of the various styles, the quantities of dies and patterns may be imagined.

The cutting being done, the pieces are handed over to the shoemaker, who cements them together on the last, after which the shoes are varnished and loaded on iron cars which are run into the "heaters," these consisting of air-tight rooms, which are heated to the necessary degree of heat to turn the plastic materials into the rubber shoe of every day use.

From the heaters the cars are run into the packing room, where they are unloaded on to tables, the lasts are then drawn out and the shoes paired and packed into cases.

After reading the foregoing, our readers will see that a rubber shoe, like a pin, has to pass through a great many hands before finally finding its way into the markets.

In the manufacture of mechanical rubber goods the rubber is prepared in the same manner as for boots and shoes, after which it enters into the innumerable articles comprised in the above heading

and which space would not permit us to enumerate. We will, however, give a few particulars of the mode of manufacturing the principal article made in this department, viz: Machine Belting, which, as most of our readers are already aware, is used in nearly every factory, saw-mill, threshing machine, etc., in the universe, to transmit power from a main engine by the means of shafting and pulleys, to machines, etc., located in any part of a building. It is often said that "money makes the mare go," but what is more important, belting makes the mills go.

Belting is composed of plies of specially woven heavy cotton duck, which is covered with rubber on the calender and then cut into strips to form the plies on a machine containing sharp knives, which are adjusted to cut any width necessary. After this is done the plies are laid upon one another, and when the requisite number have been added another piece of duck double the width, which is called the cover, is folded over, uniting exactly in the centre, the join being covered with a strip of pure rubber to keep it from opening out when in use. The above work which used to be done by hand, is now done by a machine in a much more thorough manner. After putting the pieces together the belt is passed through a pair of heavy rollers, which press the plies firmly together and drive out any air which might have lodged in making up. The belt is then taken to the press-room where it is placed between the plates of a powerful hydraulic press, 20 feet in length, and having a pressure of 2,500 lbs. per square inch, these plates are hollow and heated by steam at a high pressure, which heat serves to vulcanize the belt while pressing it. Any length of belt may be vulcanized in this manner as it is pulled through from end to end. This completes the belt, which is then rolled up, marked with size, thickness and length and is then ready for shipment.

Another article very much used and largely manufactured by the Canadian Rubber Company is hose. Rubber hose is made on iron rods of the same diameter as the hose is required to be. First a sheet of pure rubber, called the tube, is put around the rod, being first dusted with whiting to keep the rubber from sticking to it, then the duck and another sheet of pure rubber to form the outside is connected together side by side, one edge of the duck is attached to the tube, the rod is then placed between three long iron rollers which, when revolving, roll the hose up. It is then wrapped in cotton by the means of a like machine, and then placed on trucks and run into long boilers which are closed up and filled with steam, vulcanizing the hose in something of the same manner that dry heat does the shoes.

This process has given the name of "steam-heat" goods to any articles cured thus.

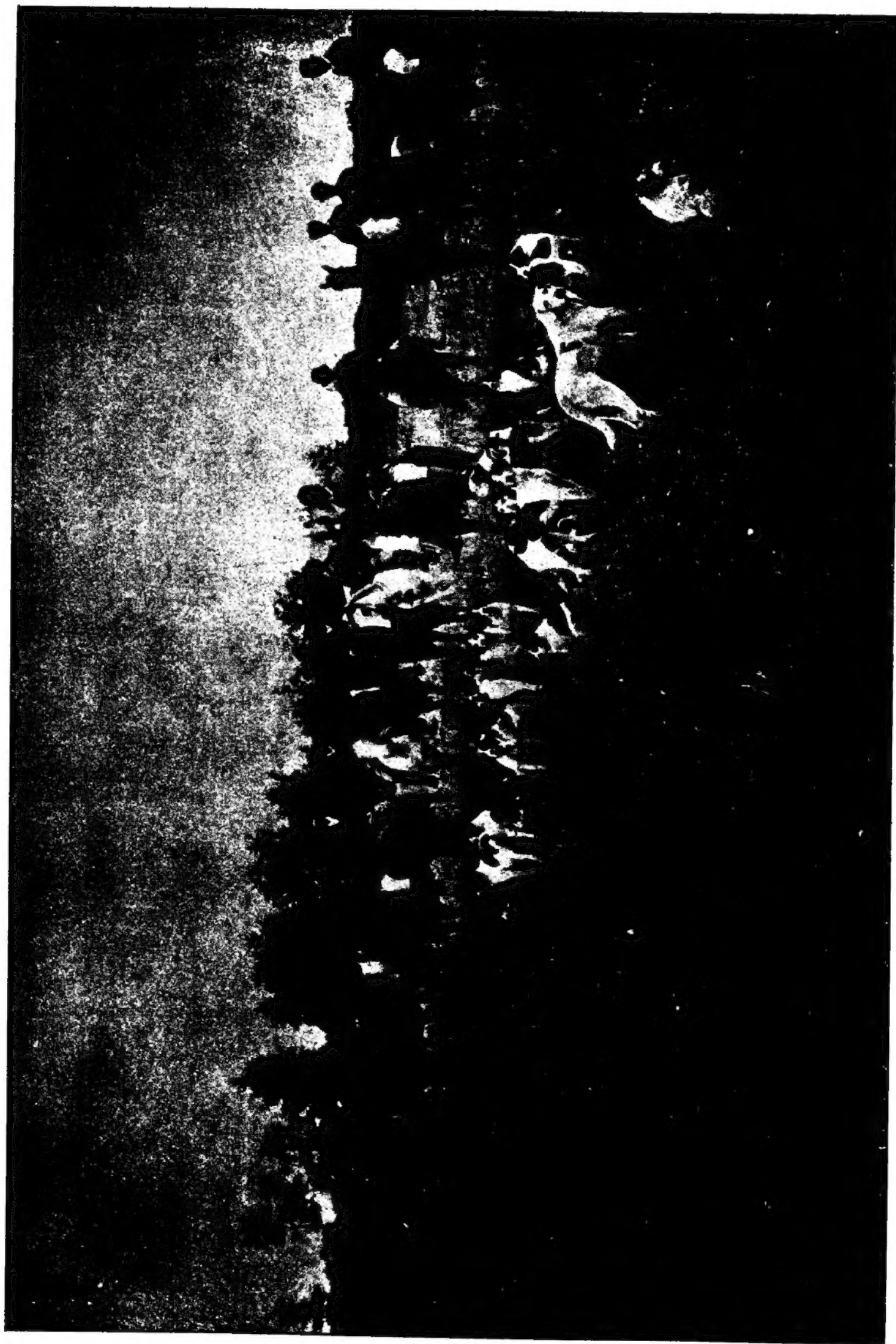
Moulded goods are made by placing the unvulcanized rubber in iron moulds, which are then placed between the heated plates of hydraulic presses, and the rubber is thus pressed into the requisite shape, at the same time vulcanizing it.

The plant for this class of work is very extensive and entails immense outlay of capital, moulds costing from \$10 to \$50, and being absolutely necessary for making all solid rubber work.

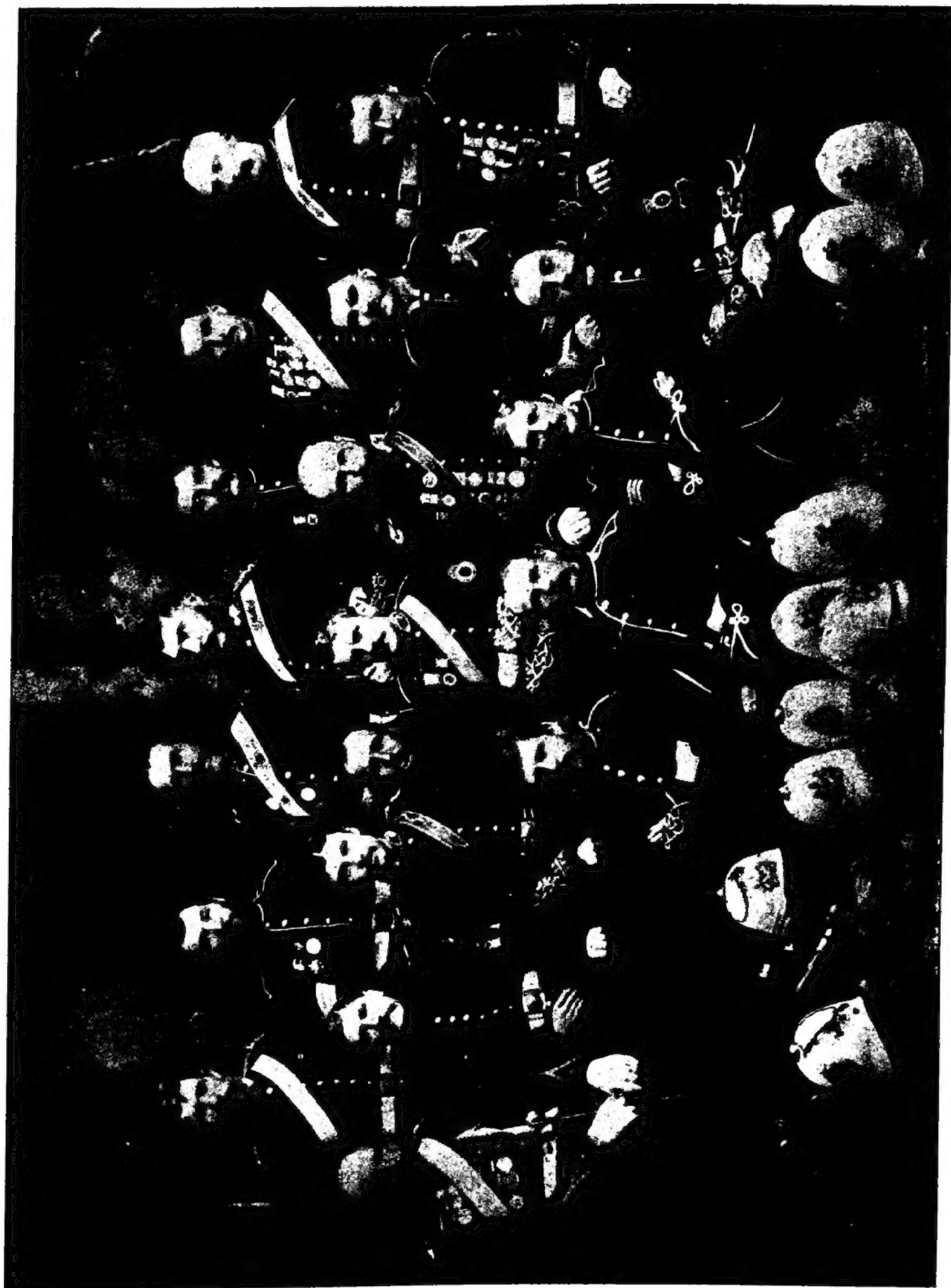
Our readers will, perhaps wonder where all the power comes from to drive all the immense calenders, mills, etc., and also where such an amount of steam is generated as is required to carry on the work of this huge factory, but when they hear that 12 boilers, 25 feet long, and engines developing 1200 horse power are required they will admit that after all, a fully equipped rubber factory is rather an interesting place.

He is indeed the wisest and happiest man who, by constant attention of thought, discovers the greatest opportunities of doing good, and with ardent and animated resolution breaks through every opposition, that he may improve those opportunities.—*Doddridge*.

Brother-men, one act of charity will teach us more of the love of God than a thousand sermons: one act of unselfishness, of real self-denial, the putting forth of one loving feeling to the outcast and "those who are out of the way," will tell us more of the meaning of the Epiphany than whole volumes of the wisest writers on theology.—*F. W. Robertson*.



MR. MUMM'S FOX HOUNDS—Kennels on Sec. 16, Tp. 13, R. 18, 9 Miles East of Rapid City, Manitoba.



THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND RIFLE TEAM—Winners of the Great "Telegraphic Match."

T. Cook, photo.

Ast. Surgeon Gillis	Sergt. D. McMillan	Capt. G. Crockett	Lieut. E. Stewart	Corporal H. Hooper	Sergt. J. M. Davison	Sergt.-Maj. S. Grey
Lieut. D. L. Hooper	Sergt. J. Offer	Capt. W. A. Weeks	Pte. S. Gay	Capt. J. A. Longworth	Lieut. E. McDougall	Sapper R. V. Longworth
		Sapper H. Anderson	Pte. H. Henderson	Sergt. B. Prowse	Staff-Sgt. Allan	

IN THE THICK OF IT.

A TALE OF "THIRTY-SEVEN."

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada in the year 1889, by Sarah Anne Curzon, in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture

The days dragged away wearily, they seemed each a week to Frank. On several occasions he heard Howis speaking of the intended movement as close at hand, and during the third day some man whom Frank did not recognize, came in and told Egan to join Howis at the rendezvous that same night, as the insurgents meant to be in Toronto next evening. Egan promised, and after the visitor left he and Todd arranged the plan of operation. Egan would go to the rendezvous and start with the party, and then find his way back quickly to complete his nefarious scheme against Dr. Leslie and his beautiful daughter.

CHAPTER XV.

THE INSURGENTS.

Fatigue of body and mind caused Harry Hewit to sleep long and deep after his three days' search for his friend, and though his dreams were frightful he woke not.

He dreamed he was on his trial for Frank's murder, that he was condemned and had taken leave of all his friends; even Alice Leslie had visited him and pointed him to those happy regions whither she would soon follow him. And now they were all gone, and Harry heard the footsteps of the executioner. Heavy knocks fell upon his door, the unhappy man felt himself powerless to rise, again and again he strove to get up and open the door, but he could not move. At length, with one powerful effort, he leaped upon the floor and awoke. How different the scene! Instead of the dark, cold prison cell, he was in his own comfortable room, and the only thing to remind him of his dream was a rap at his door and his mother's voice begging him to rise and hasten down stairs. He answered her affectionately, but his mind rapidly filled with dread forebodings. He knew that some new grief had assailed his mother by the very tones of her voice, and he had marked with misery that her bright and happy countenance had become worn and lined with care, and her form aged and weak. It was with a bitter feeling at his heart that he reflected on the wonderful change caused by her erring son, and the misfortunes that had followed in the best and tenderest of mothers.

When Harry joined his mother in the dining room he was struck by her haggard appearance, during the trial and the following days of search she had preserved a calm demeanour; now the deepest misery was depicted upon her countenance and she was violently agitated.

"Oh, Harry," she exclaimed as he entered the room, "it is as I feared it would be, a rising has taken place among these fanatical agitators of the Mackenzie faction, and William is among them. Yes! he has gone to perpetrate in this country what my father fought to prevent in '76. I have borne quietly his desertion of us, his association with those infinitely beneath him, your arrest and danger, but *this—this* is too much. Had his grandfather been alive, it would have killed him. Unless he is reclaimed, it will kill me. The attempt is madness, is fanaticism, and will end in the destruction of the insurgents, and my boy will swing from the gallows among those who have been his ruin, and die a traitor's death to please a cold calculating girl."

The unhappy mother covered her face with her hands and wept aloud. Harry did not attempt to check this burst of grief, for he thought it would relieve the pent-up spirit and soothe the bursting heart. Mrs. Hewit soon recovered herself and urged Harry to go in pursuit of his brother, judging that the loyalty of the family being well known, and Harry's sentiments publicly understood, he would not be incriminated if seen in connection with the misguided men.

Harry, who was deeply affected as well on his mother's account as on his brother's, saw no other means of reaching his brother, and though he much doubted any result, yet he was resolved to leave no effort untried for rescuing William from a

dangerous and criminal position. Taking an affectionate leave of his mother, and giving directions to Edwards for the management of affairs in his absence, he turned his horse in the direction of the city.

A presentiment of evil overshadowed him; he could not shake it off. He took the most unfrequented roads, and by using all speed he hoped to reach the city before bed-time that night, when, if he could not find his brother, he meant to intercede with the Governor for a pardon for him.

The day was dark and cold, and as he urged his horse forward, his thoughts dwelt on his own and his brother's situation: himself a suspected murderer, his brother an open traitor.

"No wonder," thought he, "that mother looks pale and nervous; William's folly is enough to bear without their having involved me by their accursed plot. Oh! that Frank may still live, that the guilty may receive their due punishment!" and his lips closed firmly while his eyes shot forth a proud defiant look. "And Alice, my lovely Alice! she thinks me innocent, knows I am," she says; "but she shall have proof or I see her no more; her fair name shall never be linked with that of a suspected criminal."

It was noontide when Harry emerged upon the high road, and he was obliged to stop and refresh his horse. He drew rein at a wayside inn, and entering the bar asked for some one to attend to his horse. The hostess informed him that he would have to look after the beast himself, for the men were away on business. Harry found the fodder, and after caring for his horse, he re-entered the house and called for dinner. While the meal was preparing he enquired of the landlady if a company of men had passed that way during the morning? She looked inquiringly at him, and said she did not know; she believed there had, several. While she was speaking a group of fifteen or twenty men entered. Harry instinctively felt his belt, where, concealed by his coat, he had placed a brace of pistols. The new comers eyed him sharply, evidently not well pleased with his company; they called for drink, and ordered dinner; and one who appeared to be leader among them, a large, coarse-looking man, drew a chair to the fire, facing Harry, and by way of introducing conversation, said: "A fine day, young man."

"Begging your pardon," returned Harry, "I thought it rough enough."

"It may be," said the man with a sneer, "to a lady or a dandy clerk, but to a man what's worth calling a man, it's fine weather."

"I have no pretensions to the position of a dandy clerk or of a lady," retorted Harry, displeased with the man's manners, and forgetting that he was surrounded by a strong party of the fellow's companions, "and hope I am a man that can prove himself capable of minding his own business."

"Don't get in a froth now, or you might be sorry for it, I can tell you. I don't gen'ly let boys talk to me in that way, but as I like yer looks, I look it over this time, for I might make some o' the girls cry if I hurt that pretty face o' yours."

"What do you mean, sir?" asked Harry, in a voice not to be mistaken.

The man eyed him for a moment, then bursting into a loud laugh, cried:

"Tut, nothing, man! Jest a joke. Come and take somethin' to drink; you travel south, I guess, so we'll keep comp'ny for mutual defence. Come! Not in a huff, I hope," he continued, slapping Harry on the back.

"Excuse me, I do not drink strong liquor," said Harry.

"What a teetotler!" bawled the man, raising his hands in an attitude of wonder, at which his companions burst into a shout of laughter. "Why, of all things," continued he, "I should have thought a smart young spark like you would have known more. Pooh! the idea of a man making a priest of himself! But here's dinner. Come on, boys."

Harry would gladly have left the room, but his appetite was keen after his long ride, and he thought he could get clear of them afterwards, as the whole party was becoming every moment more noisy and intoxicated. During the meal he had a fair opportunity of judging the character of his unwelcome

companions, who made him the butt of their coarse jokes.

"Say, friend, is your horse a good un?" asked the leader of the party. "'Cause if it is it'll mayhap carry double, and let me ride, too, and if he won't carry two he'll carry me, as I'm older'n you and my business is more pressin' than yours. I want to get into the city to see Mac?—Mac? what do you call him? the only honest man in this yer country."

"You except yourself, I suppose," said Harry coldly.

"No, I don't 'cept myse'f nuther; cause though I'm in the consarn at present, I don't belong to it; I come from the 'Nited States, wheer men grow what aint afeard of a cold day."

Without replying to the insult, Harry enquired of the landlady if there were a blacksmith in the neighbourhood, as one of his horse's shoes had got loose.

"Now, look here," cried the man again, fancying he smelled a rat, "I'm a blacksmith, and if yer hoss wants a shoe set, I'm the feller what can do it in right good style, and ride him after, too. So bring the hoss around, or mayhap I'll go to the stable and see him, for p'raps I'll not start jest when you do; you ken go on with my men, and I'll ketch ye up on the road somewheres."

Harry kept the man in conversation until they reached the stable, when he allowed him to inspect the horse's shoes, after doing which the man declared that none of the shoes were loose. While he had been looking, however, Harry had fastened the girths and adjusted the bridle, and the inspection over, he sprang lightly into the saddle, saying he would take a turn round the yard that the man might thus discover what was wrong.

"No you won't," shouted the man, "I see through you, yer want to trick me, but du it ef ye ken!" and as he spoke he seized Harry and tried to drag him from the saddle. Quick as thought Harry dropped the bridle and dealt his assailant a blow which sent him rolling, stunned, to the ground. Wheeling his horse he dashed away down the street, only just in time to escape from the party who now issued from the house shouting and yelling, and as Harry flew past two of them fired at him, one of the balls cutting his hair and just touching his temple. Striking spurs into his horse, he sped along, leaving his late company to find their leader and moralize on the uncertainty of all sublunary things.

Once clear of his disagreeable surroundings, Harry checked his horse to a pace more consistent with the distance he had to travel. He avoided the villages on the way as much as possible, and kept steadily on. Late in the afternoon, as he was passing through a piece of wood, he was accosted by a voice which he at once recognized as the poor maniac's, crazy Helen. "The Lord bless you, Harry Hewit," she cried in a terrified whisper, "don't go that way, not that way; it's the broad road that leadeth to destruction. Come back! come back!"

"Indeed, I must go on, Helen," said Harry, perceiving she was less distracted than usual. "Have you seen my brother?"

"Yes! yes! I saw him. He's gone down the broad road, too. Lots of men, too, lots of men, too; they all go down the broad road—the broad road," she murmured wringing her hands.

"Lots of men, Helen?" enquired Harry.

"Lots of men," she replied, and then sheltering herself by the side of Harry's horse, she cried:

"Harry, Harry, don't let them put me in jail. Don't! Don't! I don't wish ill to the young girl they call Queen, I don't. I hope she won't see the trouble poor Helen has. O, Harry, don't let them put me in jail!" and the poor creature cowered.

"No! no! Helen. Only go to my mother; she will take care of you; these are no times for a woman to be abroad."

"I will, Harry Hewit, she's a good mother to all," and then bursting into tears she sang in tender tones:

"My Mother dear, my mother dear,
My gentle mother dear."

But reason once more forsook her throne, and

crying in her frenzied voice, *They're after me!* she sprang into the wood and disappeared from Harry's sight, which was just then clouded by a tear.

It was long after dark when Harry neared the spot since noted as Gallows Hill. He had met several men on foot who scanned him with lowering brows, and one or two horsemen were close behind him, when his bridle was seized and half a dozen men leaped up as though they had sprung from the ground, so sudden was their advent.

"You are our prisoner," said one, "resistance is useless."

"In whose name do you stop me?" enquired Harry, while he hastily ran over in his mind whether it would not be best to go with the men quietly, and by so doing run a chance of hearing somewhat of his brother. All doubts were set aside by the approach of two horsemen, one of whom stopped to inquire what the patrol were doing, the other riding on.

"Whom have you here?" enquired the horseman in a rough voice, which Harry at once recognized as that of Howis.

On recognizing their prisoner, Howis exclaimed, "Mr. Hewit, indeed! I hardly expected the pleasure of your assistance so soon, sir. I thought you were one of those prudent ones who would wait to see signs of success before joining us."

"You are very much mistaken if you think I am here on any such errand, Mr. Howis," replied Harry. "I am on business of the utmost importance to my family, and I shall be greatly obliged if you can direct me to my brother."

"You must accompany the patrol to quarters, Mr. Hewit, and I'll send your brother to you," said Howis, and beckoning the guard he warned him that Harry was a prisoner of importance and must be well watched, chuckling to himself as he rode away at the advantage 'luck' had given, "for," said he to himself, "I have him now, and whether he join us or not I can spoil his reputation with the other party."

Harry was hurried along until he reached Montgomery's tavern, where Howis's instructions were carried out. He was conducted to a room over the kitchen and there locked in, a guard being placed outside. That Howis would assist him to an interview with his brother he did not believe, but if William was in the house he determined he would see him. By the noise and bustle about the house he judged that he was in the rendezvous of the rebels—for rebels they seemed to him, now, more than ever. He went to the window and found it opened upon a shed adjoining; moreover, it rose without much difficulty.

"Good," he exclaimed, "if I am left here until the house gets quiet, I can readily give my gentlemen the slip."

He was still examining the window when the key was turned and a gruff voice said:

"You are wanted below; follow me."

Harry obeyed, wondering what the next scene would be.

Passing through a hall crowded with men hurrying to and fro, he followed his guide into a room where some twenty or thirty men were talking, drinking and smoking. Without regarding these, Harry's guide passed on to an inner room, where he was ushered into the presence of the chiefs of the insurrection, Mackenzie, Lount and others, and some twenty or thirty besides, who were all seated round a table eagerly discussing some plan. Harry was somewhat surprised to see that the large number of the company were very respectable men, some of whom he knew well by sight, having met them at markets and on other public occasions.

All eyes were turned towards the door as Harry entered. He advanced to the table around which the company were seated, and looked fearlessly upon the group, not speaking.

(To be continued.)

RED AND BLUE PENCIL

In the December *Atlantic* we find a somewhat elaborate comparison between "The Century Dictionary," of which the first volume has been issued, and the great work, of which Dr. J. A. H. Murray is the editor, now in course of publication by the Clarendon Press, Oxford. In order to "test the extent of inclusion or exclusion of rare or obsolete words," the reviewer tells us that he "glanced over Morris and Skeats's Specimens of English Literature for test-words, and then looked up in the dictionaries." The result was that *accouped*, meaning "blamed," from a line in Robert Mannyng's *Handlyng Synne*—"How that be accouped was"—is not found in the Century, but is given in the Oxford, work, with etymology and illustrative extracts from early authors. *Abv*, *accidie*, *adav*, *amene*, *at-tercep* and *allenarly*, meaning, respectively, "to pay the penalty of," "sloth," "to wake up," "pleasant," "a spider" and "merely" or "solely" (in Scotch legal use), are met with in both works. The critic also points out that, in connection with the word "calenture," the form of delirium usually associated with the peculiar tropical fever so named is noted in the Oxford dictionary and admirably illustrated by a quotation from Swift, whereas in the Century lexicon, the reference to such delirium is indirect and the illustration, a quotation from Dr. Holmes. Now, it is well known that the Century Dictionary is based on the Imperial Dictionary of Dr. Ogilvie, the revised edition of which, prepared under the supervision of Dr. Annandale, was published in 1882 by Messrs. Blackie and Son, and the Century Company. In the review from which we have quoted, there is only one casual acknowledgment of this fact. Yet the words above mentioned, with the exception of "amene," are all given in Ogilvie. As to "calenture," the quotation from Swift, the reproduction of which in Dr. Murray's work, the reviewer commends, is also in Ogilvie, but has evidently been omitted in the later lexicon to make room for Dr. Holmes's prose. The quotations from Herrick, from the Shepherd's Calendar and from Sir William Hamilton, are also in Ogilvie. This last quotation is hardly a happy one, as Horace is satirizing Aulus, who had long ceased to mend shoes, and was a jurist and magistrate of distinction. That is, however, only a minor point. Our objection to the whole criticism is that it compares the Century Dictionary with Dr. Murray's work, which, of course, it had the advantage of consulting, and not with Dr. Annandale's revision of Ogilvie, of which it is really a new edition, which it has, in many instances, closely followed, and which, moreover, by the unconscious avowal of the reviewer (in the case of "calenture") it has not always improved. In the sentence quoted: "It is a corruption of brausle, etc," the word "brausle" is doubtless a misprint for "bransle," the old form of "branle"—which is in common use in this province. Why the reviewer should persist in calling the author of "The Etymological Dictionary of the English Language" Mr. "Skeats" all through his article we cannot imagine. The Rev. Walter W. Skeat is the name on the title-page of his work. This reminds us that we possess a review of Canadian literature in which the author of "Saul" is spoken of throughout as "Heavisides." We have not yet seen the Century Dictionary. Its preparation, on the basis of Ogilvie's Imperial Dictionary, was announced seven years ago, and if it is worthy of Dr. Whitney, it is sure to be a work of the highest value. There is no philologist of our time in whose learning and soundness of view we would place more confidence. But we must confess that we were somewhat startled, in reading this elaborate review of the first volume, in the *Atlantic*, to meet with no trace of acknowledgment of what his predecessors had done, and to find this dictionary treated throughout as the pure result of American scholarship and research.

When Latham's edition of Todd's Johnson was published some twenty-five years ago, Dr. George Webbe Dasent wrote a long criticism of it, which appeared in the *North British Review*, and which is reproduced in his collected essays, "Jest and Earnest." Reading some of the etymologies given by both editor and critic, one is puzzled to know to which of these categories they belong. Dr. Dasent, for instance, insists that the phrase "apple-pie order" means not "perfect order," but the opposite—the worst kind of disorder. He considers it a typographical term, a modification of the word "chapel," in the sense which is familiar to printers. That use of it is traced back to a chapel attached to Westminster Abbey, in which Caxton did his first type-setting in England. "Pie" (another printer's term) is said to have its origin in the old "Pie" or service-book, the rules of which were so difficult to learn that it became a synonym for confusion. "Chapel-pie," of which, according to Dr. Dasent, "apple-pie" in the phrase under consideration, is a corruption, would, therefore, mean a mass of type confusedly mixed together, and, by extending its application, a mess of any kind. It is hardly necessary to say that this derivation has not been generally accepted. Apart from the violent change from "chapel" to "apple" which it would require, such a phrase for such a meaning is wholly needless, "pie" alone serving the purpose admirably.

Some of Dr. Latham's adventures are not less surprising. The phrase "to lose one's all" he is inclined to consider a

reflection of the Latin "perdere naulum" (to lose one's passage-money). Dr. Dasent's suggestions, even where later research has shown them to be wrong, are always interesting. He brings out the true meaning of "blaze"—so familiar to North American wood-craft, and shows that many words formerly assigned a Latin origin are really pure English. But his article, as well as the work to which it relates, are now chiefly useful as evidence of the manifold gains of recent research.

A somewhat warm discussion has been going on in Mr. George Murray's "Notes, Queries and Replies," (*Montreal Star*), as to the pronunciation of the word "Ralph." Some of his correspondents are for *Ralf*; others, for *Raif*. But why should not both be correct? We can well recall a boy who attended school ever so long since in a loyal old town and who bore the name of Ralph T— (the name of a third or fourth rate 18th century poet). We always called him (as he called himself) *Raif*. When we read the discussion in the *Star*, we asked the first persons we met if they had ever been acquainted with any one bearing such name. The answer was in the affirmative and the name was pronounced *Ralf*. We then took up a few books in which the name would be likely to occur, and lo! we came upon this passage: "In Ulpian Fulwell's *Like Will to Like*, not printed till 1568, besides allegorical impersonations there are characters with such names as *Rufe Roister*, *Tom Tossput*, *Philip Fleming*, *Cuthbert Cutpurse*, etc." Evidently, then, it was usual at some time or other, in the Merry England of the past, to give Ralph the pronunciation which some of the disputants condemn. Higden (or Higdon) of the *Polychronicon*, is sometimes called Ralph, sometimes Kanulph (from the Latinized form). In French the word, which is one of the Teutonic *ulf* or *wolf* names, became Raoul. It is only in comparatively recent times that either the spelling or pronunciation of names has acquired anything like stability, and it is not extraordinary if some of the old uncertainty still survives. Who would recognize our familiar "Harold" in such a form as "Aigroult" into which, according to M. Gabriel Gravier (*Les Normands sur la Route des Indes*) it had been metamorphosed in the Norman chronicles?

PROVENÇAL LOVERS.

The following is the original of "Provençal Lovers," quoted by Mr. Douglas Sladen in the *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED* of November 16th:

The Viscount of the town says to the irate Aucassin (who demanded the lost Nicolette at his hands):

Biax sire, Nicolette est une cautive que j'ammenai d'estrange tere * * * De ce n'avés vos que faire. * * * P'rendes le fille a un roi u a un conte. Enseurquetot, que cuideries vous avoir gaegnié se vous l'aviés asogmentée ne mise a vo lit? Mout i ariés peu conquis, car tos les jors du siecle en seroit vo arme en infer, quen' paradis n'enterriés vos ja.

Aucassin.—En paradis qu'ai je a faire? Je n'i quier entrer, mais que j'aie Nicolette, ma tres douce amie que j'ai tant. C'en paradis ne vont fors tex gens con je vous dirai. Il i vont ci viel prestre et cil viel clop et cil manke, qui tote jor et tote nuit croupent devant ces autex et en ees viés cruetes, et cil a ces viés capes erées et a ces viés tateles vestues, qui sont nu et decang et estrumelé, qui moeurant de faim et de soi et de froit et de mesaises. Icil vont en paradis; avec ciax n'ai jou que faire; mais en infer voi jou aler. Car en infer vont li bel cler, et li bel chevalier, qui sont mort as tornois et as rices gueres, et li boin sergant, et li franc home. Auec ciax voi jou aler. Et s'i vont les beles dames cortises, que eles ont .II. amis ou .III. avoc leur barons. Et s'i va li ors et li argens, et li vairs et li gris; et si i vont harpeor et jogler. 'i roi del siecle. Avoc ciax voi jou aler, mais que j. . . Nicolette, ma tres douce amie, avec mi.

The Viscount of the town says he has not seen the errant damsel, and very sensibly warns the rhapsodical lover against his father, the Count de Beaucaire's, wrath. Ce poise moi, said Aucassin. Et il se depart del visconte dolans, (mout dolans et abosmés.)

Translation is more than a trick of scholarly accomplishment. It is, or ought to be, an inspiration, reproducing the very spirit of the original, but 'tis rare to meet this live effervescence with the *linguet* undulled. Identity of verbiage, it appears to me, is of minor importance, except it may be to philologists or to hypercritics. In view of Stedman's magnificent adaptation one need scarcely attempt a more literal translation of the passage above quoted.

HUNTER DUVAR.

CANADIAN SHIP-BUILDING.—The Canadian marine of to-day is third or fourth in the world in point of extent. Since iron and steel ship-building superseded the old wooden clippers of thirty years ago much of this great vessel tonnage has been constructed abroad. Better days have come now, and in ship-building, as well as in ship-owning, Canada is forging ahead. Another evidence of this fact is to hand in the announcement that the Polson Iron Works Company, of Toronto and Owen Sound, have secured the order for another steel ferry boat for the Canadian Pacific Railway, to ply between Detroit and the Canadian shore. The new ferry will be a duplicate of the one presently building by the Company, and will be 295 feet long, of heavy construction and capable of carrying heavy freight trains between the two countries. If the Polsons keep up the present rate of progress the great yards at Owen Sound will soon be too small to accommodate the keels laid, and Owen Sound will become a city. The engines will be constructed in Toronto, and the contract must be finished before July next.

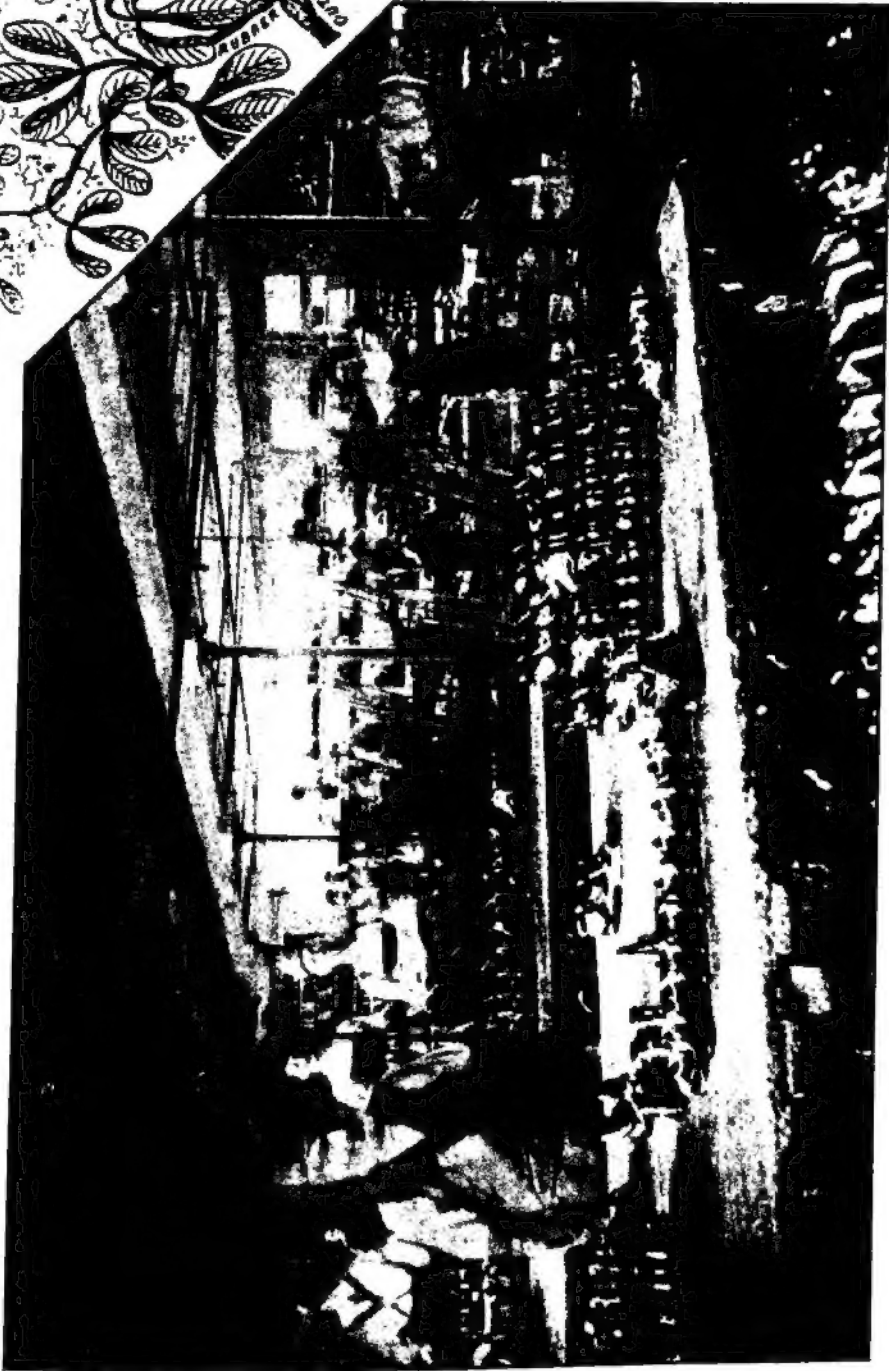
The life principles must be deeply set; there must be the clean heart and the sound mind; there must be an all-mastering love of good; there must be a well established and well-administered inward government not dependent on human opinions or customs. The right law must be written on the heart—all one thing with the life's love.

OUR CANADIAN INDUSTRIES.

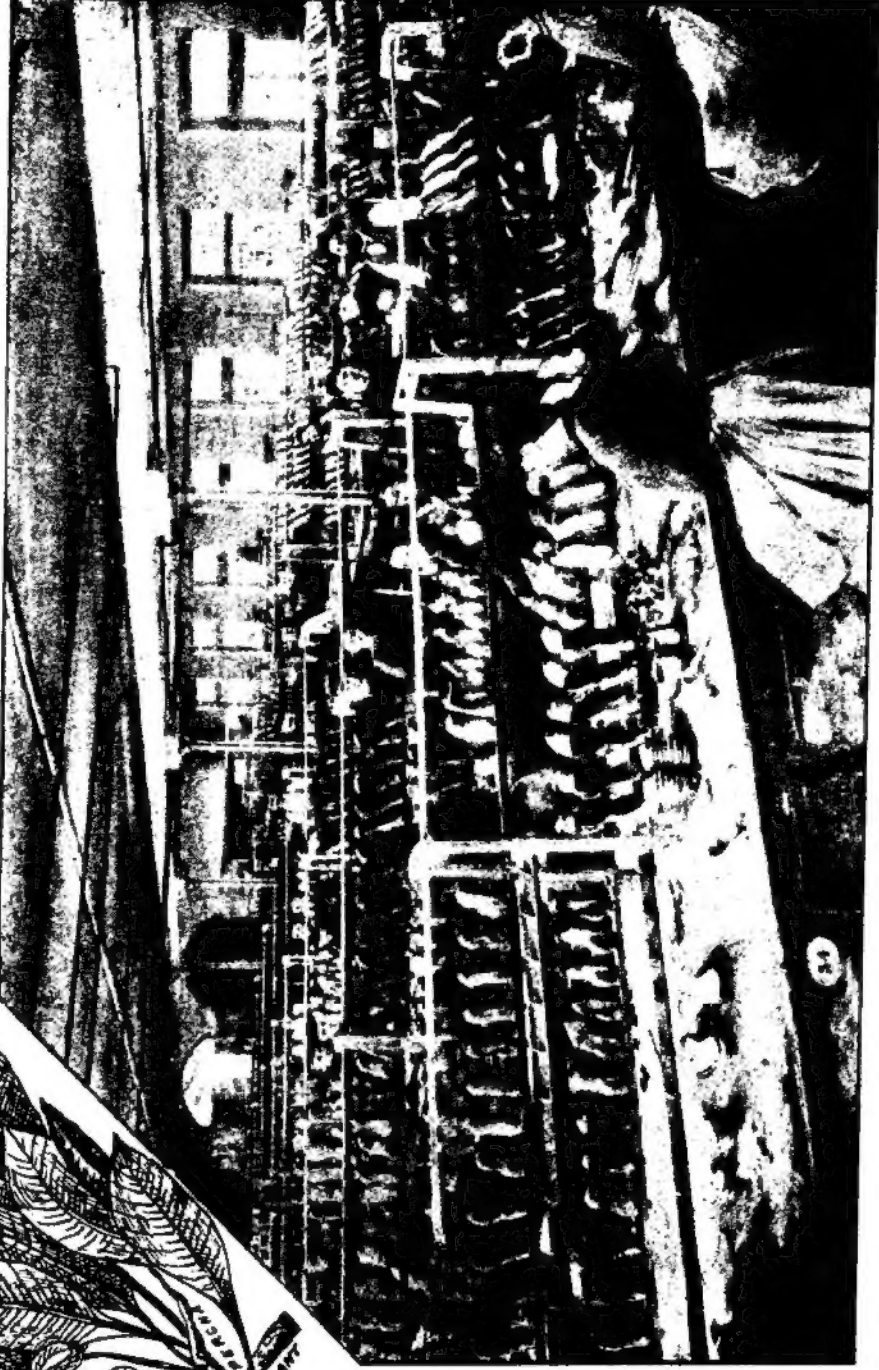


THE CANADIAN RUBBER COMPANY.

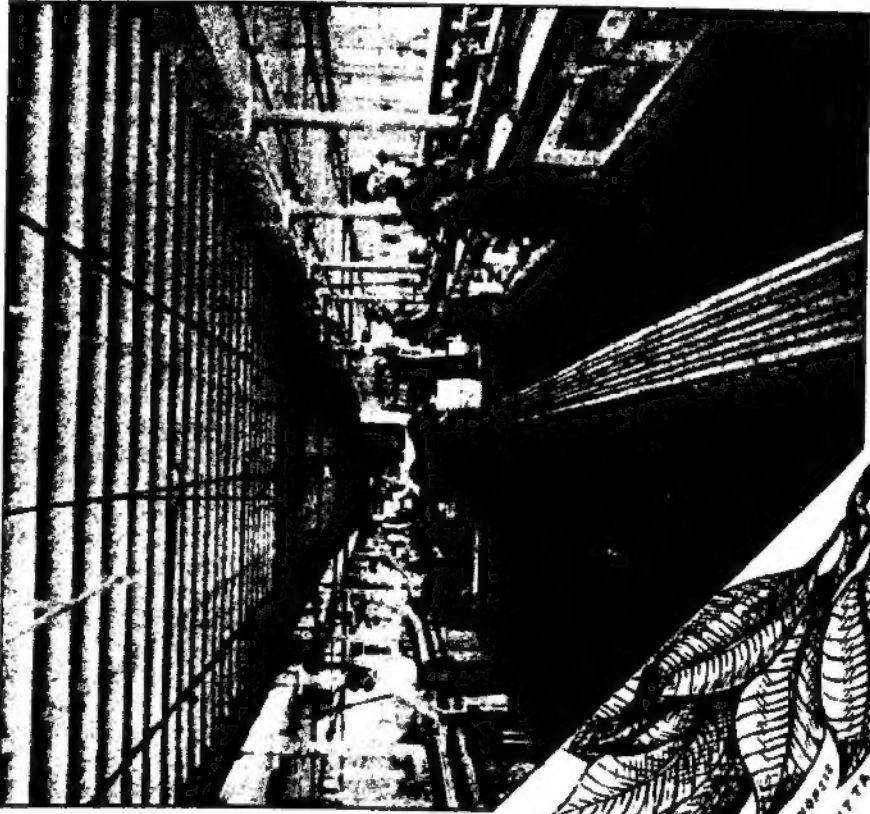
OUR CANADIAN INDUSTRIES.



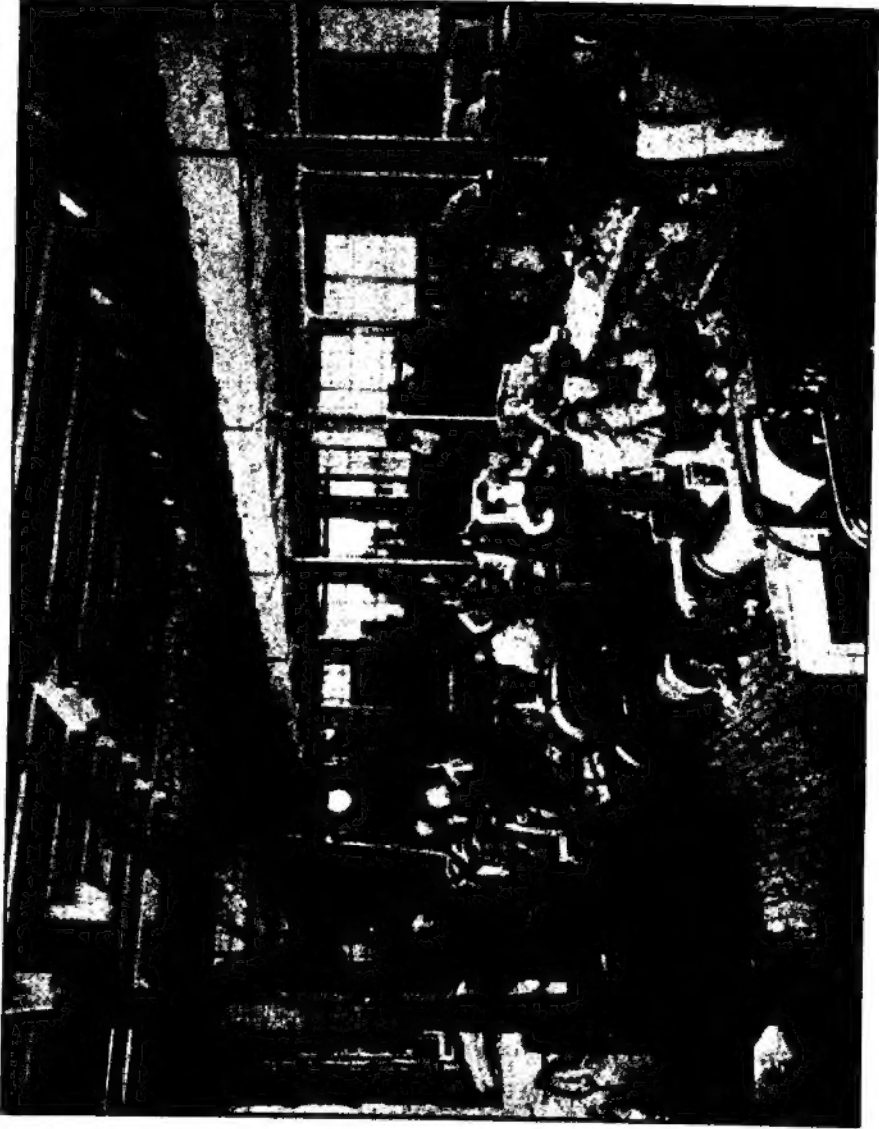
SHOE ROOM, MEN'S DEPARTMENT.



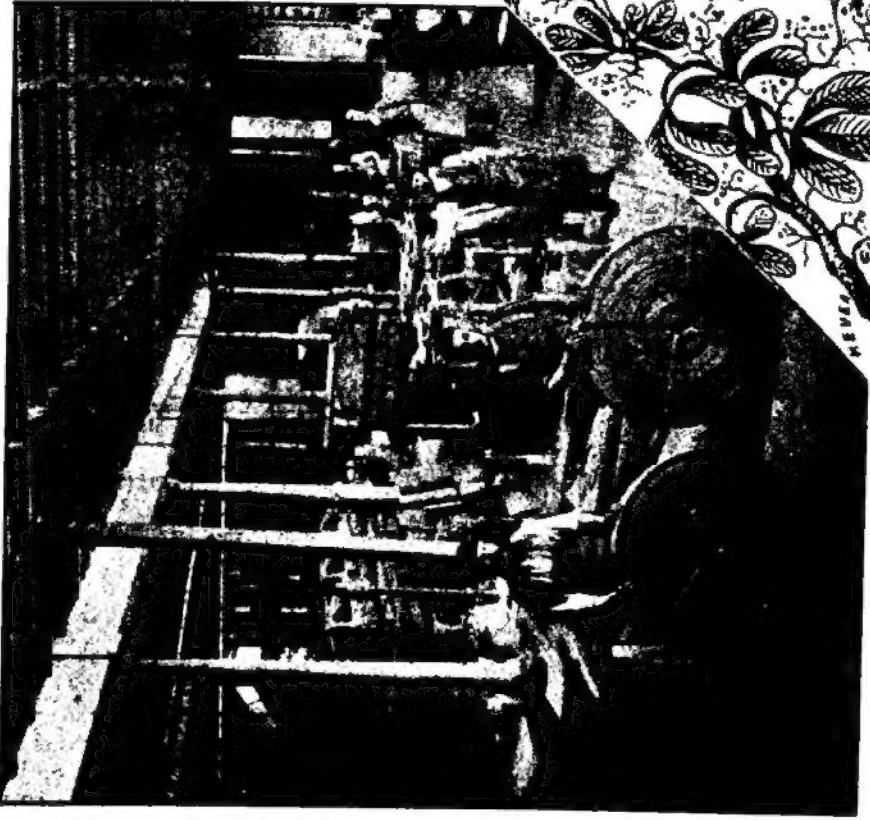
SHOE ROOM, GIRLS' DEPARTMENT.



HOSE ROOM.



MACHINE ROOM.



HYDRAULIC PRESS ROOM



VIEWS IN THE WORKS OF THE CANADIAN RUBBER COMPANY'S FACTORY, MONTREAL.



December had set in cold and bleak, and, as I drew my chair to the fire, I could hear the storm rattling against the window panes. It was with some surprise, therefore, that I heard the bell ring. Hardly visitors on such a night as this. Who can it be? I was not long left in doubt, for, in a few moments, Charlie Vane, my favourite grandson, appeared.

"Ah! this is pleasant," he said, drawing his chair to the grate, and holding out his hands to the genial warmth.

"Why, Charlie," I exclaimed, "what ever brought you out such a night as this?" He made no answer, but threw himself back in the easy chair with a weary air.

For a few minutes silence was unbroken save for the ticking of the clock. Pleasant this, I thought, casting a regretful look at the book I had been reading. Still he continued to gaze into the fire, seemingly lost in a deep reverie. So I quietly took up my book and went on reading, waiting for him to wake up. Presently he said:

"How comfortable this place always looks! I declare it makes me homesick every time I come. I tell you what it is, grandma, I am going in for a home of my own. Now, there is my friend, Tom Brown, owns one of the nicest homes, and every year adds some improvement to it, and has paid for it out of the same salary as I have, and yet I cannot save a cent but live up to the full amount."

Down went my spectacles and book, for, what I had predicted, had come to pass. He was getting tired of this style of living. However, I could not refrain from saying, a little maliciously: "Why, I thought you and Helen liked living in apartments."

"Helen does, for she has always been accustomed to it; but I am heartily tired of the whole thing. It makes me feel as though I was always on a journey and away from home. And, lately, a lady has come with two of the most dreadful children I have ever met, and, living as we do, one meets with all sorts of people at the general dining-table. It is: 'Now, Bob, my precious darling, what will you have to-day?' 'Just you lev me 'lone, you are always aworrying and abothering me with what 'ill I have.' And then he makes things lively by throwing bits of cake and biscuit at those nearest to him. Then turning to the one on her left: 'Flossy, sweetest, you will have a little roast-beef, wont you?' 'I wont, I want puddin'; and there that nasty old man with the red nose is eating it all up.' That happened to be myself, and if my nose was red with the cold I had, I am sure I did not want the attention of the whole table directed to it. You need not laugh, that is just what Helen did. I might have known the life would not have suited me; but Helen has no idea of housekeeping, and then, everybody said it was so much cheaper, though I have not found it so. I do not see why, if Tom managed to buy a house, I cannot."

"Are you thinking of buying a house," I enquired.

"No, I could not at present; but I have persuaded Helen to give up our suite and rent a house at a moderate rent and save up towards buying one. That is the way Tom managed to get his. But you do not seem a bit enthusiastic about it. I thought you would be delighted."

"Well, Charlie," I said, trying not to smile, for I knew he had no idea about the cost of furnishing a house, and Helen had still less. "I am pleased with your wanting a house of your own; but, at the same time, have you ready money to pay for the cost of furnishing?"

"Oh, no; but we will be careful only to get what is really needed and that of the plainest description, and then I will pay it off gradually."

"A bad beginning, Charlie, you will find. Take an old woman's advice who has seen the same thing repeatedly done and always with a bad result. You never know what may happen to prevent you paying off the debt, while the remembrance of it robs you of the enjoyment you so fondly anticipated."

"Why, I know a great many who do it, and never seem to mind it in the least."

"Well," I answered, "that depends a good deal on their character; but I know you well enough to feel sure, Charlie, that you would always have the debt on your mind, and it would worry you if you could not pay it off when the time came. Think the matter over, why not move into less expensive apartments and save up towards the furnishing? You will find the plainest things cost a great deal more than you imagine."

"Really, grandma, I can't wait any longer, I am so tired of living in this way. Still, I will be careful in buying, and you need not worry about my going into debt. It will only be for a short time."

Nothing more was said that evening. But a few weeks after Helen came to say that they had taken a home, which I was not to see till everything was in readiness, and then I was to take the first tea with them. The eventful day arrived and I set off in good time full of curiosity.

"Now, grandma," said Helen, after showing me around, "what do you think of it all?"

What could I say? I could certainly find no fault with the place, everything was in perfect taste and harmony, and, as Helen looked at me with her bright face flushed with happiness, I could not find it in my heart to disappoint her of the words of approbation for which I knew she waited.

But I felt grieved with Charlie for allowing such an expenditure. The house was much larger than they really wanted, necessitating the keeping of an extra servant, and when I thought that nothing had been paid for and how inadequate Charlie's salary was to meet all this, I could not but dread what was before them. However, I determined to keep unpleasant thoughts away on such a night.

"What delicious muffins these are? You must have a very good cook?"

"Yes," said Helen, "she seems to be an excellent cook."

"Where did you get her from?"

"Oh," said Helen, laughingly, "I will tell you in her own words: 'Shure I'm jist from Ould Ireland this very week, and if you will be after taking me, mum, its glad you will be that ye got the likes of me, and not one of those who have followers every night av the week, for, plase ye mum, I knows no one here.'"

"Of course she gave you good recommendation?" asked Charlie.

"Oh, I never thought of that. She seemed anxious to come and so I took her."

To be continued.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

NEW YORK, November, 1889.

MY DEAR KATE,—At last we have reached our journey's end safely, though I cannot say comfortably. My dear cousin, the journey was simply horrible. We came round by Albany, you know, arriving there at a quarter past four and leaving at a quarter to seven. Of course going to an hotel was out of the question, so we concluded to while away the time by getting some breakfast. A railway official directed us to a restaurant (open day and night) near the station, where we found, sweeping the steps, a stout man with a dirty face and dirtier apron, but a grand air. On his not immaculate linen glittered a gorgeous diamond, a little larger than the Koh-i-noor. We explained our wants to this individual, who, in an affable and condescending manner, conducted us to a table covered with a cloth, belonging, I should say, to the pre-Adamite period, and proceeded to rattle off a bill of fare as long as your arm. To starving people that bill of fare was a cruel deception and a hollow mockery. First we ordered one thing, then another, only to be contemptuously informed that we "could not have that at this hour." Finally, we summoned up spirit enough to enquire what we *could* have. "Beefsteak, coffee and potatoes," said the dirty man. Some one timidly remarked: "Toast would be nice." The suggestion was received with silent scorn. A chickory berry would have been a godsend to that "coffee," which I shall ever believe consisted of walnut chips. The beefsteak might have been nice had we arrived three weeks earlier; but when we got it, it was rather—well—"high." We disposed of this breakfast for the same reason the little boy took the smallest apple. You remember, the mother gave her elder son two apples, telling him to give his little brother his choice. A few moments later she asked: "Johnnie, did you give your little brother his choice?" "Yes, ma'am." "Are you sure?" "Yes, ma'am. I told him he could have the smallest or none, and he took the smallest." For similar reasons we took the breakfast. The stout man had retired, leaving us to swallow our breakfast and disappointment as best we could, when suddenly the cook entered, shouting: "Colonel, Colonel, I say, Colonel." Immediately our flagging spirits revived. We had long wished to see a *real* American colonel. You know, Max O'Rell says there are sixty millions of people in the States, mostly colonels; but so far we had not met any one that we were sure was a *bona fide* colonel. Imagine our surprise when the stout individual re-entered and began a lively altercation with the cook as to whether more coal was a vital necessity or not. We have since concluded that all American colonels do *not* belong to the "first families." I did not venture to interrupt the conversation. But when it was finished, taking my courage in both hands, I asked, with what I fondly hoped was a propitiatory smile, if we could have anything more as we were still a little hungry. The "Colonel" eyed me crushingly, and vouchsafed the laconic remark, "Nop." "No fruit, no anything," queried I with the boldness of despair. "Nop, nothing," repeated the "Colonel." Now I know how poor Oliver Twist felt when he asked for more. "Well, then, how much do we owe?" said I. Our distinguished host slowly drew off his apron, folded it carefully, and, after wiping his lips with it, pulled down his shirt-sleeves and put on his coat, then handed me a magenta poker chip stamped \$1. Even a worm will turn. "Isn't that pretty expensive," I feebly protested. I regret to state the "Colonel" lost that repose that marks the *Vere de Vere*. "Well, if you don't like it you can get out," he bellowed, which I was rather thankful to hear, as I had begun to think he might keep us there and take all our money from us. We seemed to have no rights at all in this glorious land of liberty. However, he did let us go, and, shaking the dust of Albany from our feet, we took the 6.45 train for New York.

I wish I could give you some idea of the rush and bustle of the streets here,—the strange cries of the street vendors, the man who loads himself up with chamois skins, "only five cents;" the bootlace man; toy balloon and notepaper man; the man who will sell you, for the modest sum of 50 cents, "an elegant silver, nickel-plate watch," warranted to keep perfect time and last a lifetime; the roast chestnut and the stovepolish man, who all cry their wares at the top of their voices; a mere glance in their direction will bring

any or all half a block after you. Till one is inured to it, the noise is intolerable. As we were fortunate to have a letter of introduction to the secretary of the Historical Society, which is not open to the public, we presented it the day after our arrival. This society claims to have the largest collection of early art on the continent; but it is really disgraceful that such a wealthy corporation should have their pictures so badly exhibited. The darkness of the galleries renders many of the masterpieces almost invisible. In a small room opening off the highest gallery are the gems of the collection. Here are the Rubenses, Van Dycks, Holbeins, Da Vincis, etc., etc. Close together in this room hang a "Crucifixion," by Van Dyck, and a "Christ Carrying the Cross," by Rubens. These two pictures produce a strange impression. The colouring of the Rubens is wonderful, such depth and richness of tone. The figure is full face, the cross resting against the right shoulder, the left hand is pressed to the wounded side, from which streams the life blood into a chalice at the feet. The figure and face are magnificent; but it is the face, the suffering of a man, the physical suffering of Christ's manhood. Lower, to the right, is Van Dyck's "Crucifixion." The colouring is not so rich, nor the tone so deep. Everything is paler, fainter; but, O Kate, the expression of the face, the Divine mental agony depicted there! The one is the Manhood, the other the God-head of Christ. After looking at the Rubens, the colouring of the Holbeins seem poor and wanting in depth of tone. Near the door hangs one showing Count Waldroff and his family at prayer on the eve of departure for battle. The face of the Count is particularly striking, the wrinkles round the eyes and mouth and the lean furrowed cheek of the elderly man being wonderfully life-like. In the larger room is a beautiful little picture by Greuze, "L'Aveugle Trompé" (the blind man deceived). An old blind man sits placid and content, holding his pretty young wife's hand, while beside her kneels a rustic youth, her lover, round whose neck her arm is thrown; the blind man, though quite unsuspecting, has evidently just startled them; they are both looking at him with the greatest apprehension; the expression on the lover's face is quite comical. Before I stop I must tell you about just two more paintings. The first is by Teniers (the younger), and is called the "Incantation." It is the interior of a witch's abode. In the background the witch herself stirs a seething cauldron, in the foreground a girl and an elderly woman are reading from a book, while through the half open door one can catch a glimpse of witches on broom-sticks, and creatures with men's heads and beast's extremities. The charm has begun to work and the girl is growing fearful; she has ceased to read and is glancing anxiously over her shoulder at the cauldron; but the elder woman, unmoved, seems filled with curiosity as to the contents of the book. The second painting is in the lower gallery. It is a lovely head by Leonardo da Vinci, entitled "St. John weeping." The head turned over the shoulder shows three-quarters of the face, which expresses the most wonderful pathos and resigned grief, the sorrow that has no words; the cheeks are furrowed and the eyes swollen with tears, which draw responsive moisture to the eyes of the beholder. I must tell you more about the pictures next week.

Yesterday we went to see the Kendals in the "Iron Master." Both Mr. and Mrs. Kendal are most finished actors. Mrs. Kendal is tall, fair and rather stout; Mr. Kendal is of medium stature and also rather stout. The "Iron Master" is an adaptation of Ohnet's "Maître de Forges." Briefly, the story runs thus: *Claire de Beaupré* (Mrs. Kendal), a beautiful and wealthy girl, has been betrothed for some years to her cousin, the *Duc de Bligny*, who is absent when the play opens, and who, returning from Prussia to marry her, lingers in Paris, where his dissipation plunges him so deeply in debt, that, though still loving *Claire*, hearing she has just lost her fortune, he accepts the offer of a rich *parvenu* (*Moulinet*) to settle his debts on condition of marriage with his daughter, *Athenias*. *Claire* knows neither of her cousin's faithlessness, nor of her loss of fortune, till *Athenias*, who had been her school-fellow, but is envious of *Claire's* noble birth and hates her, comes to Beaupré, and wishing to insult *Claire*, affects ignorance of her engagement to her cousin, and pretends to wish to consult her about her own (*Athenias's*) approaching marriage with *de Bligny*. *Claire* conceals her outraged pride and suffering as best she can. In the meantime *Philippe Derblay* (Mr. Kendal) the iron founder and a man of noble character, proposes for *Claire* and generously desires that she shall not know of her loss of fortune. Maddened by *de Bligny's* desertion, to avenge herself she marries *Philippe*, but repulses every demonstration of affection from him. A month later *Athenias*, now *Duchesse de Bligny*, comes with her husband to visit *Claire*, and, to wound her, tries to flirt with *Philippe*. *Claire* awakes to find she loves her husband and orders *Athenias* to leave the château, which she refuses to do. *Derblay* is bound in honour to support his wife and accepts *de Bligny's* challenge. That night *Claire* confesses to her husband that she loves him. Unperceived, she follows him to the duelling-ground, and, rushing forward as *de Bligny* fires, is wounded, but not fatally, and there is a happy conclusion to a very pretty play. One of the best scenes is that in which *Claire* orders *Athenias* from the château. The acting of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal is so artistic and admirable throughout that it is difficult to particularize; but Mr. Kendal was especially strong in the wedding night scene when *Philippe* first discovers *Claire's* reason for marrying him and overwhelms her with reproaches. Mrs. Kendal drew tears from every eye by her delineation of *Claire's* mortification and

anguish when *Octave*, her brother, accidentally betrays to her *Philippe's* generous concealment of her dowerless condition, and she thinks she has forever lost the love for which she now yearns. *Athenias* (Miss Colwell) showed power and nerve in an unpopular character; *Suzanne*, *Philippe's* young sister, was too mincing I thought. The dresses were not very noticeable. *Suzanne* wore a pretty little dove-coloured Directoire coat, double-breasted and cut in two narrow tails; the buttons were small and plain gold, the underskirt of cream crêpe de Chine and an immense jabot to match, a hat of grey crêpe and gold flowers finished what was really a very dainty little costume. I notice all the actresses and society women wear shoes to match their gowns.

Last week we went to Tiffany's and saw the great Tiffany diamond, valued at \$100,000. It is a yellow stone almost the colour of a topaz, but gives out a thousand prismatic rays; but, to tell the real truth, though very beautiful, I should not care to possess it. In the rear of the establishment there is a case filled with Russian silver and gold work. One of the most beautiful pieces was a large gold salver draped with what looked like a linen damask scarf, but which in reality was pure silver wrought in a wonderful imitation of damask, a most lovely and curious piece of workmanship. The manager told us the newest sort of work they had was enamelling on silver, and for this they obtained a prize at the Paris Exposition. As enamel had never before been laid on silver, the effect is delicate but quite peculiar. It resembled East Indian work I thought. On the second floor are the bronzes and statuary, some of which are exquisite and of which I shall speak next week. In passing the glass department I observed that all the newest finger bowls were very shallow and quite small, an absolute necessity with the present crowded table setting. The prettiest wine glasses were engraved glass, inlaid with gold, the bowl supported by entwined serpents.

Mother and I went to see pretty Cora Tanner in "Fascination" on Monday, and I must tell you about some of the lovely dresses. In the last act Miss Tanner wore a pretty cream crêpe de Chine tea-gown, made Empire style, Josephine, you know, with a short train and no sleeves but a little puff, about four inches deep, like a little ruff round the armhole; the skirt was bordered about ten inches deep with mauve Persian embroidery. But what gave grace and originality to this gown was a long scarf of cream crêpe, twelve inches wide, tied in a bow at the bosom and reaching to the hem of the dress and finished with a deep fringe of cream silk; the effect was very graceful and pretty. Fringe is worn on everything here—all the scarfs and sashes are finished with a crocheted fringe ten or eleven inches deep. Mrs. Waldron, as the *Duchess*, also wore a lovely carriage costume. A bronze plush Directoire coat, cut with four tails held together by stripes of the plush about two inches wide and four long. This prevented their flying about. The front of the coat was trimmed with bronze iridescent passementerie and the tails were lined with leather-coloured satin; the skirt was leather-coloured satin, fan pleated, the pleats turning opposite directions in the front showing a narrow strip of the bronze plush; the sleeves were slashed at the shoulders and leather-coloured satin let in as a sort of puff, broad at the top and tapering downward, the lower end laid in little fan pleats turned both ways. With this, the gloves, bonnet and shoes matched, and a little bronze iridescent head V-shaped cape was worn. You can hardly imagine, dear Kate, the charming and ladylike effect of this elegant costume. Just think how pretty Aunt Mary would look in it, and really, dear, it is so difficult to get pretty and suitable costumes for ladies of middle age. And now I must tell you a little "wrinkle." I remarked the soft fall of Mrs. Waldron's dresses, which, though never displaced, were not stiff, and she very kindly told me the secret. All the tails of the coat were *upholstered*. This is, of course, only for winter dresses, and it is done by laying a sheet of cotton batting between the plush and the satin lining all the way up to the hips. Do get the mater to try it. You have no idea what an improvement it is. I was also told that this prevented crushing when the dress was packed. "Fascination" is a good society play and well performed. Miss Tanner herself is an excellent and charming actress, utterly free from disagreeable stage trick, and Mr. Russell, the heroine's brother, played the part both easily and naturally. I am afraid you will begin to think I am like the brook—

"Men may come and men may go, but I (could) go on forever."

However, I must close now or I shall miss the mail.

Believe me, dear Kate, your loving coz,

HELEN E. GREGORY.

THE FAINTING STONE.—The Toltec statue of the goddess of water that has rested for ages near the pyramid of the moon at San Juan de Teotihuacan, twenty-seven miles north-east of the City of Mexico, has been raised from its bed and is now being worked toward the Vera Cruz railroad for transportation to the national museum. In this monolith, American archaeologists recognize the almost forgotten stones spoken of by Brantz Mayer in his works in 1866. Maximilian sent a commission of Pachica scientists over the pyramids to make some explorations. Their report contains a full account of the discovery of the celebrated goddess of water, which they found lying on its face and placed on its feet. They refer in their report to the fainting stone and say they could not find it. Moreover, from that day to this the archaeologists of Mexico have universally agreed that the fainting stone, on account of its supposed malevolent qualities, had been broken up and destroyed by the Indians, but an American has, by the aid of drawings, shown that

the goddess of water and the fainting stone are one and the same. Mr. Leopold Batres, the inspector and conservator of monuments, is organizing an excursion of newspaper men to go out to the pyramids. Two hundred soldiers of the First Artillery are busily engaged in transporting the monolith by easy stages to the railroad station, three miles distant. It is reported that in excavating the same statue several important discoveries were made.

TIDINGS.

[The following poem and "Signal," published in this paper on Nov. 2nd, 1889, are taken from a lyric series eventually to be called "The Battle of Sombre Field."]

Companionless,
Thou pilgrim frail,
Where none survive
Whom death can kill,
In the wide roaring
Battle front
What dost thou here
Rose Messenger?
Canst thou prevail
To follow up
The lonely trail?

I watch thee brave
The hills of frost,
To bear me word
Across the rills,
From the dear valley
By the sea,
There yet remains
One way to turn
The battle lost,
And save the glory
Of a host.

Thou art too spent
To cry me cheer,
Yet far a-hill
Where winds go by
I catch the signal
Of thy hand;
And the last beat
Of joy within
My heart makes here
A revel grim
With fate and fear.

I know thy lips
Are set to ring
The call my sail
Shall not forget;
How they who tarry
By the hearth
Reck not of triumph
Nor defeat,
So thou but bring
The stainless honour
Back with spring.

Return thy ways
To Hameworth Lea,
Rose Messenger!
With this for fame's
Report of her:
"There is a nor' land,
Hameworth Scaur,
Where hearts are high
And folk are free
In many a dale
Beside the sea."

Yea now all those
For whom are done
These warrior deeds
Of strife and gloom,
Shall utter not
A thought of blame,
Only regret,
When the soft rain
Shall hide the sun
And Sombre Field
Is lost and won.

And their homekeeping
Tender hands
Shall not disdain
The service then
Of burial
To one who held
Their post a day
Against the horde
Of leagued outlands,
In the hot pass
Of shifting sands.

Then bear me home
Among the dead
When all is lost.
So strong, so young,
Spring shall re-cheer
Her cohorts on,
And earth rejoice
In the glad rally
Of their tread,
With the long sea-wind
Overhead.

Fredericton, N.B.

BLISS CARMAN.



The past week has been decidedly a musical one. Otto Hegner, the young wizard of the piano, has been drawing two crowded houses at Queen's Hall and charmed every lover of music that attended his recital. His execution and talent are really wonderful, and the ease and grace with which he played the most difficult pieces of the most celebrated masters were something wonderful. If he lives long enough (and, with the necessary care and no overwork, there is no reason why he should not), and if his talent and love for the art increases with his years, he will be one of the really few great pianists the musical world will be able to boast of ten years hence.

The Balmoral Choir also gave two concerts, well attended by leading Scotch citizens and their descendants. They (the concerts) were fairly enjoyable, but from a musical point of view on a par, if as good as those given by local organizations. They evidently have a good advertising manager, but self-made fame does not last in this country.

There is considerable talk about the new theatre on Mr. Carslake's property, but the question of undesirable proximity to a railway station has been mooted as yet very little.

There is a treat in store for lovers of dramatic readings. Miss Lule Warrenton, the celebrated Shakesperian reader, will appear at Victoria Rifles Armory, on Thursday, December 12th, under the auspices of, and assisted by, the Irving Amateur Dramatic Club, for the benefit of St. Margaret's Nursery. She is said to far surpass Mrs. Scott-Siddons, and appears in a number of beautiful dresses. She belongs to the class known as society actresses, and combines with much talent a rich voice and handsome presence. This is her first visit to Montreal.

The Carleton Opera Company will hold the boards at the Academy next week.

A rather sensational military drama, the "Blue and the Gray," began a week's engagement at the Royal on Monday. It is a piece full of action and not lagging in interest. Crowded houses will doubtless greet it all week.

The M. A. A. A. Dramatic Club will give their first entertainment of the season on Thursday, December 12. The Wednesday previous a full dress rehearsal will be given for members and the press. Full dress will be the desired thing according to the management. A. D.

Miss Helen Barry, at the Toronto Academy of Music, won all hearts. In the sparkling comedy, "A Woman's Stratagem," she was seen to most advantage, and during its presentation she was recalled after each act. Miss Barry's style possesses the great virtue of being original, and in the impersonation of an elderly countess, who would fain be young, she gave me the impression, and that a conclusive one, that either she was made for the part or the part was made for her. Her support was good, Mr. Handyside especially so, in the combination of a man, brave in theory, but cowardly in practice. Miss Barry also played "The Cape Mail" and "London Assurance," and in both pieces was well received.

For the last three days of the present week, Miss Marie Wainwright appears in "Twelfth Night," supported by an unusually strong company. Miss Wainwright's portrayal of *Viola* is said to be about as perfect as anything not the real thing can be, and the universal opinion of the production in all the large American cities that have witnessed it, is that it is the most perfect presentation of a Shakesperian comedy ever yet seen on this continent. The stage settings and equipments have all been expressly arranged and furnished for this production by such well known artists, in their respective lines, as E. Hamilton Bell, Chas. Graham and Philip Goatcher. The costumes also are by Mr. Bell, and everything—actors, costumes, stage scenes, etc.—contributes to the end in view, that of giving a correct interpretation of that great play.

The greatest of all Madison Square successes, "Captain Swift," direct from recent triumphs in New York City, and headed by that general favourite, Mr. Arthur Forest, accompanied by Miss Rose Etyngge and a most efficient company of artists, whose names alone are sufficient guarantee for the excellence of the production, will appear at the Academy of Music in Toronto for five nights and special Wednesday and Friday matinees, commencing Monday, December 9. "Captain Swift" is one of the best dramas being produced on the American stage, and has had a run of three hundred nights in London, and three hundred nights in New York. The company includes such names as W. J. Constantine, Fitzhugh Ousley, Fred. Backus, and the Misses Beverley Fitzgreaves, Grace Kimball and Nellie Taylor. The scenery is of late execution and appropriate. All theatre-goers must see this fine production and encourage the push and enterprise of Mr. Greene, the manager of the Academy, who has gone to great trouble to bring this grand company to Toronto. When this piece appeared in Montreal, some six weeks ago, their press spoke in terms of the highest praise both of "Captain Swift" and those who rendered the piece. We have no doubt that crowded houses will greet this play and overflow the Academy all week. First performance, Monday, December 9; matinees, Wednesday and Friday, but no Saturday matinee. G. E. M.



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HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

All even numbered sections, excepting 8 and 16, are open for homestead and pre-emption entry.

ENTRY.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office in which the land to be taken is situate, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, or the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, receive authority for some one near the local office to make the entry for him.

DUTIES.

Under the present law homestead duties may be performed in three ways:

1. Three years' cultivation and residence, during which period the settler may not be absent for more than six months in any one year without forfeiting the entry.

2. Residence for three years within two miles of the homestead quarter section and afterwards next prior to application for patent, residing for 3 months in a habitable house erected upon it. Ten acres must be broken the first year after entry, 15 acres additional in the second, and 15 in the third year; 10 acres to be in crop the second year, and 25 acres the third year.

3. A settler may reside anywhere for the first two years, in the first year breaking 5 acres, in the second cropping said 5 acres and breaking additional 10 acres, also building a habitable house. The entry is forfeited if residence is not commenced at the expiration of two years from date of entry. Thereafter the settler must reside upon and cultivate his homestead for at least six months in each year for three years.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

may be made before the local agent, any homestead inspector, or the intelligence officer at Medicine Hat or Qu'Appelle Station.

Six months' notice must be given in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands by a settler of his intention prior to making application for patent.

Intelligence offices are situate at Winnipeg, Qu'Appelle Station and Medicine Hat. Newly arrived immigrants will receive, at any of these offices, information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them.

A SECOND HOMESTEAD

may be taken by any one who has received a homestead patent or a certificate of recommendation, countersigned by the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, upon application for patent made by him prior to the second day of June, 1887.

All communications having reference to lands under control of the Dominion Government, lying between the eastern boundary of Manitoba and the Pacific Coast, should be addressed to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, or to H. H. Smith, Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

A. M. BURGESS,
Deputy Minister of the Interior

Department of the Interior,
Ottawa, Sept. 2, 1889.